

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

No. 13.—NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

[PRICE 4d., STAMPED 5d.]

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During the Session 1858-59, which will commence on the 4th October, the following COURSES OF LECTURES AND PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.
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The fee for Matriculated Students (exclusive of the laboratories) is 3s. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 20s. Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, at a fee of 10s. for the term of three months. The same fee is charged in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy. Tickets to separate courses of lectures are issued at 1s. 10s. and 2s. each, officers in the Queen's or the East India Company's service, her Majesty's Consuls, acting mining agents and managers, may obtain tickets at reduced charges.

Certificated schoolmasters, pupil teachers, and others engaged in education, are also admitted to the lectures at reduced fees. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted two Exhibitions, and others have also been established. For a prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street, London.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Professor TENNANT, F.R.S., will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the study of GEOLOGY and the application of Mineral Substances in the Arts. The lectures will be illustrated by an extensive collection of specimens, and will begin on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4th, at Nine o'clock, a.m. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour. Fee, 2s. 2s.

B. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

THE SCHOOL OF ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, and in the following METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS, will RE-OPEN for the Session of Five Months on FRIDAY, 1st OCTOBER.

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2. Finsbury—William Street, Wilmington Square.
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4. Rotherhithe—Grammar School, Deptford Road.
5. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—Castle Street, Long Acre.
6. Lambeth—St. Mary's, Prince's Road.
7. Hampstead—Dispensary Building.
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RAY SOCIETY.—THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING will be held during the Meeting of the British Association at Leeds. Prof. Owen, F.R.S., D.C.L., President of the Association, will take the chair.

Professor Allman's work on the British Freshwater Polyzoa, with colored drawings of all the species, and Prof. Williamson's work on the British Foraminifera, with drawings of all the species, are now ready for delivery. Subscribers for 1858 and 1859. Professor Huxley's work on the Oceanic Hydrozoa, with numerous plates, will be delivered to subscribers for 1858. Subscriptions, one guinea annually. Subscribers from the beginning can still be supplied with Alder and Hancock's work on the Nudibranchiate Mollusca.

By order of the Council,

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—PICTURE GALLERY.

—THE GREAT PICTURE BY JAMES WARD, R.A., considered by the most eminent connoisseurs as the rival of the celebrated PAUL POTTER HILL, and which excited great interest at the Art Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, is now on view in the new gallery. Above 200 important ancient and modern pictures have lately been added to the collection now formed in the New Gallery, within the building.

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SESSION 1858-9.

The College WILL OPEN for the Session on Monday, the 4th October next. The Session will terminate in July, 1859.

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ADDITIONAL LECTURES ON WHICH THE ATTENDANCE IS OPTIONAL AND WITHOUT FEES, viz.—On the Greek of the New Testament. On the Hebrew of the Old Testament. On the Relations of Religion to the Life of the Scholar.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

The following Scholarships and Prizes have been founded for competition by Students of the Owen's College, Manchester, viz.—The Victoria Scholarship for competition in Classical Learning, annual value £20, tenable for two years.

The Warrington Scholarship for competition in the Critical Knowledge of the Greek Text of the New Testament; annual value, £20, tenable for one year.

The Dalton Scholarships, viz., two Scholarships in Chemistry, annual value £20 each, tenable for two years; two Scholarships in Mathematics, annual value £25 each, tenable for not more than two years.

Dalton Prizes in Chemistry are also intended to be offered. The Dalton Prizes in Natural History, value £15, given annually. Dinner will be provided within the College walls for such as may desire it.

Further particulars will be found in a prospectus, which may be had from Mr. Nicholson, at the College, Quay Street, Manchester. The Principal will attend at the College for the purpose of receiving students, on Monday, the 4th, and Tuesday, the 5th October, from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M.

J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A., Principal.

JOHN P. ASTON, Solicitor and Secretary to the Trustees.

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ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANN'S SOCIETY, BRISTON HILL AND ALDERPSIDE. By Voluntary Contributions. Patrons: Her Majesty and the Royal Family. Subscriptions are earnestly solicited for this Charity. It affords a Home, Clothing, Maintenance, and Education to orphans and other destitute children of parents once in prosperity. The Next Election is in February, 1859. New candidates should be immediately nominated. Subscriptions to the General or Special Funds will be gratefully received by the Committee; Messrs. Spenser & Co., 27, Gracechurch Street; or by Office, 2, Walbrook, E. C.

E. F. LEEKS, Secretary.

RIGHT HON. LORD STANLEY, M.P., Secretary of State for India, late President of the Board of Control, after a Photograph by MAYALL, is the PREMIUM PORTRAIT presented with the ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD of Saturday, September 25th, and the following wood engravings:—Statue of Her Majesty in the Town-hall, Leeds.—The Mayor's Suite of Rooms in the Town-hall, Leeds.—The Royal Procession leaving Woodley House.—Her Majesty's Drawing Room, Woodley House.—Her Majesty's Bed Room, Woodley House.—Departure of Her Majesty from Leeds.—The Mayor's Banquet, Town Hall, Leeds (full page).—Triumphal Arch Erected by the Wollen Cloth Trade.—Prince Alfred, Prince of Wales, at the Railway Station, Eastleigh, near Weston-super-Mare.—The Comet.—Sunbeam, the Winner of the St. Leger. And all the News of the Week. Office, 199, Strand, London.—Sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors, and at the Railway Stations. Price 6d.; stamped, 7d.

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FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER OF THE ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—This Theatre WILL OPEN on SATURDAY next, 2nd OCTOBER, with the Farce of DYING FOR LOVE. To be followed by the

MERCHANT OF VENICE,

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PROFESSOR WILLALBA FRICKELL.—POLYGRAPHIC HALL, King William Street, Charing Cross.—TWO HOURS OF ILLUSTRATIONS.—For One Month only, previous to Professor Frickell's departure on a Provincial Tour. Every Evening, Eight, Saturday Afternoon at Three. Private Boxes, One Guinea; Box Stalls, 5s.; Orchestra Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Places may be secured at the Polygraphic Hall, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

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50, Albemarle Street, London, Sept. 18, 1858.

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History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. (Chapman & Hall.)

(FIRST NOTICE.)

THE actual publication of these volumes, the first half of Mr. Carlyle's long-promised and long-expected "Life of Frederick the Great," sets at rest the question, mooted more than once during the last few years,—whether the work would ever see the light at all. Till lately, this seemed rather doubtful. It was said by those who were supposed to know, that Mr. Carlyle had given up Frederick and his History, according to some, because on near acquaintance, he proved not quite so heroic as had been imagined: according to others, on account of the extreme difficulty, the impossibility, indeed, of securing the necessary materials. These rumours, probably, had some real foundation. But the difficulties, whatever they were, that arrested or delayed the work have been surmounted, the hero is found in the end sufficiently heroic, and the materials sufficiently abundant to justify perseverance in the undertaking. As the result, we shall now possess not only an intelligible, but a worthy history of Frederick and his times; not simply a fragmentary and superficial record of his sayings and doings, but a consistent and profound interpretation of his character and deeds. So much we may venture to assert, not only from Mr. Carlyle's rare power of historic exposition, but also from the special evidence before us. These volumes are a substantial instalment, and enable us to estimate what the work will be in its finished form.

Each contains upwards of six hundred pages; the second, indeed, within half a dozen of seven hundred. According to the present announcement, two more such volumes will complete the history; and even if it does not go beyond that number it will still be, in extent, by far the most considerable of Mr. Carlyle's works, nearly double the length of "Cromwell," and twice that of the "French Revolution." We cannot help thinking that, on the present plan, more than two additional volumes will be required to complete the full design.

Not only in extent, however, but in value, the life of Frederick promises to be Mr. Carlyle's greatest historical work. These volumes have all his well-known excellences of portraiture and description, with fewer of his characteristic defects in tone and style than most of his recent productions. The particular points of view and the general treatment of the subject are more strictly historical than either of his previous contributions to this his favourite department of science. While displaying the same vivid conception and graphic portraiture of persons, places, and events that belong both to "Cromwell" and the "French Revolution," the historic narrative of these volumes is less fragmentary than that of the former, and more elaborate and minute than that of the latter. The "elucidations" of the Protector's letters and speeches throw a flood of light on particular incidents, but are too isolated and detached to constitute an independent narrative. And

the "French Revolution" is rather a succession of historic scenes or pictures than a history. As pictures they are unrivalled in firmness of outline, depth of shadow, and brilliancy of colour, as well as in the vividness and reality of the impressions they produce; but to secure this result, this strength and unity of effect, it was necessary for us fairly to throw out of account much that is absolutely necessary to a thorough comprehension of the story. Whatever proved incapable of pictorial treatment was either barely glanced at or altogether neglected. Moral analysis, political disquisition, and philosophical reflections, as tending to delay the progress, and thus diminish the interest, of the story, were carefully avoided. Many facts and incidents, too, were omitted, as not necessary to the scenic evolution, though they might be to the full understanding of the historical drama. But Mr. Carlyle cannot be blamed for such omissions, as he was justly entitled to assume a knowledge of the omitted incident on the part of his readers. The story had been told a hundred times before, and its details were familiar to every schoolboy. No such assumption, however, could be made in relation to the present work. The majority of English readers know little of Frederick, and scarcely anything of early Prussian History. We have had it true several lives of the Great Commander, three at least, besides stray volumes of slander and gossip about his court, his associates, and general way of life. But the latter contain scarcely any authentic information, and the former have remained for the most part unread. Many well-informed people probably know nothing of Frederick beyond the cocked hat, the crooked nose, and large pigtail which his numerous portraits have made familiar to all. Those whose knowledge may extend a little further have most likely derived it from Macaulay's unfinished sketch, which though readable enough is at the same time most inaccurate and unjust. The notion such readers entertain of Frederick the Great will naturally be that he was a cruel and unprincipled tyrant, gifted with rare military ability, successful enough in war, but hateful and hated in times of peace. They will probably be half disposed to palliate his alleged vices on the sufficient ground that he was the son of his father, who is described by the essayist and historian as a frightful savage, continually cuffing and cursing everybody within his reach, kicking ladies in the open streets, and thrashing clergymen on the highway, caring only for two things in the world—tobacco and tall recruits. "His palace," in fine, says Macaulay, "was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends, a cross between Moloch and Puck." What could be expected from the son of such a father, brought up, or rather, according to the same veracious historian, dragged up in such a home? "Oliver Twist," says Macaulay, "in the parish workhouse, Smike at Dotheboys Hall, were petted children when compared with this heir-apparent of a crown." His after-life was marked by malice, injustice, and oppression, the natural result of such a father, such a home, and such an education. That is about the sum and substance of what the ordinary English reader knows concerning Frederick the Great and his ancestry. Mr. Carlyle is quite aware of all this, and acts accordingly. He states at the outset, that the common notion of Frederick in this country is compounded of two convictions—

on the one hand, that he "was a robber and a villain;" and on the other, "one of the greatest soldiers ever born—a kind of "royal Dick Turpin." And having requested all readers "to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds, and believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for," he finds it absolutely needful to begin at the very beginning, and give the whole history as elaborately and minutely as he can. Not only, however, is the plan of this new history more comprehensive than that of the others we have noticed, but the tone is calmer and the spirit more judicial. There is less of extravagant metaphor, of grotesque and vehement oburgation in the style. The narrative, too, is interspersed with political discussions and philosophical elucidations, which help to connect what is isolated, and illustrate what is dark in the perplexed European diplomacy of the last century. We must, however, defer detailed criticism to a further notice, and hasten to give our readers a brief account of Mr. Carlyle's plan, with some specimens of the manner in which it is executed.

The first volume consists of five books, the first and two last devoted to Frederick,—occupied chiefly with his birth and schooling—and the two intermediate ones to his ancestry and the history of Prussia from the earliest times. The first book opens with a "Proem," giving some account of the enterprise in hand, and the difficulties to be encountered in undertaking it—a kind of general view of "Frederick's History from the Distance we are at." This proem introduces us first of all to the hero himself, as he appeared at Sans-Souci eighty years ago, in the evening of his active life. Here is the sketch, full of life and reality:—

"About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*,—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown, but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors);—and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not

expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*).' Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the Doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more.' His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.'

Looking across the eighty years that have intervened since his death, Mr. Carlyle finds that the one event which has, more than anything else, obscured the glory and hidden the greatness of this kindly figure, is that of the French Revolution. Here is his highly characteristic account of the manner in which this "enormous phenomenon" eclipsed for a time what was great and memorable in the age immediately preceding, together with an allusive comparison of the chief actors in both:—

"The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his History;—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the Destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

"On the breaking-out of that formidable Explosion, and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations;—wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic; especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they belowered, stalked, and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain

heroism, stage-heroism in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

"All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling-gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austenitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder,—gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one; but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rosbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 478 men. Leuthen, too, the Battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it) may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the General was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napoleon did, indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time; but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off; and the shilling-gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great Kings before Napoleon,—and likewise an Art of War, grounded on veracity and human courage and insight, not upon Drawcansirrodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. 'You may paint with a very big brush, and yet not be a great painter,' says a satirical friend of mine! This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind, and huge uproar of the last generation, gradually die away again."

Apart, however, from the historic hindrance to the modern reader's recognition of Frederick in his true proportions, there are other difficulties of a more perplexing kind. These are the perverse misrepresentations of his life and character which were industriously circulated for half a century; the obstinate prejudices and prepossessions they have naturally enough produced; and the difficulty of obtaining full details and authentic materials for ascertaining and establishing the truth. This last difficulty Mr. Carlyle alludes to again and again with a kind of wrathful pathos that is sufficiently amusing. Here is his first account of his difficulty:—

"With such wagonloads of Books and Printed Records as exist on the subject of Friedrich, it has always seemed possible, even for a stranger, to acquire some real understanding of him;—though practically, here and now, I have to own, it proves difficult beyond conception. Alas, the Books are not cosmic, they are chaotic; and turn out unexpectedly void of instruction to us. Small use in a talent of writing, if there be not first of all the talent of discerning, of loyally recognising, of discriminating what is to be written! Books born mostly of Chaos,—which want all things, even an Index,—are a painful object. In sorrow and disgust, you wander over those multitudinous Books; you dwell in endless regions of the superfluous, of the ungatory: to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were anywhere to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow, and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known; I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in Nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, anything

comparable to him. He writes big Books wanting in almost every quality; and does not even give an Index to them. He has made of Friedrich's History a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter; dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand!—Enough, he could do no other: I have striven to forgive him. Let the reader now forgive me; and think sometimes what probably my raw-material was!"

Mr. Carlyle's life of its greatest modern hero will no doubt be hailed in Germany as it deserves to be, and receive an enthusiastic welcome from German readers. Whether it will be equally welcome to German writers, especially in the department of history, is, however, very questionable. Mr. Carlyle condemns them all, with scarcely a single exception, and that too in a most ruthless and emphatic manner. His scornful indignation reaches a climax in referring to their most distinguished native historian—the historiographer-royal of Prussia, we believe,—Dr. Pauli, whose name will be familiar to most English readers from his "Life of Alfred the Great," and continuation of Lapenberg's "History of England." Dr. Pauli has written "A History of the Prussian States," in eight quarto volumes, which Mr. Carlyle says is the standard work on the subject, adding at the same time that it is "intolerable to human nature." Further on, he speaks of the writer and his work as "grandiloquent Pauli, our fatal friend, with his light watery quartos, which gods and men, unless driven by necessity, have learned to avoid." Other writers of mark fare scarcely any better in his hands. Erman, for example, writes a life of Sophie Charlotte, first Queen of Prussia, in "feeble watery style and distracted arrangement." Voight, again, has produced a work on the Teutonic order of knights, in "five heavy volumes, grounded on faithful reading, but evincing a fatal defect of almost every other quality." The only native historian who finds favour in his eye is one apparently almost unknown, Köhler, who wrote several works on early German history, which Mr. Carlyle finds useful. He speaks of him as "by far the best historical genius the Germans have yet produced, though he is not much mentioned in their literary histories and catalogues. A man of ample learning, and also of strong human sense and human honesty; whom it is thrice pleasant to meet with in these ghastly solitudes, populous chiefly with dreadful creations." We can easily imagine the rage and disappointment of these authorities in German History, on receiving such a contemptuous denunciation of their works from one whose verdict they might, perhaps, have naturally expected to be widely different. From Mr. Carlyle's known admiration of German writers and German literature, they would no doubt anticipate a full recognition and favourable appreciation of their labours. Fancy their wrath and dismay on finding their painful researches, profound philosophy, and stately dignified rhetoric appreciated—in the manner we have seen above! Mr. Carlyle concludes his preliminary summary of the enterprise before him in the following terms:—

"On the whole, it is evident the difficulties to a History of Friedrich are great and many; and the sad certainty is at last forced upon me that no good Book can, at this time, especially in this country, be written on the subject. Wherefore let the reader put up with an indifferent or bad one; he little knows how much worse it could easily have been!—Alas, the Ideal of History, as my friend Sanerteig knows, is very high; and it is not one serious man, but many successions of

such, and whole serious generations of men, that can ever again build up History towards its old dignity. We must renounce ideals. We must sadly take-up with the mournfullest barren realities;—dismal continents of Brandenburg sand, as in this instance; mere tumbled mountains of marine-stores, without so much as an Index to them!

"Has the reader heard of Sauerteig's last batch of *Springwärsel*, a rather curious valedictory Piece? 'All History is an imprisoned Epic, nay an imprisoned Psalm and Prophecy,' says Sauerteig there. I wish, from my soul, he had *disimprisoned* it in this instance! But he only says, in magnificent language, how grand it would be if disimprisoned;—and hurls out, accidentally striking on this subject, the following rough sentences, suggestive though unpractical, with which I shall conclude:—

"Schiller, it appears, at one time thought of writing an *Epic Poem upon Friedrich the Great*, 'upon some action of Friedrich's,' Schiller says. Happily Schiller did not do it. By oversetting fact, disregarding reality, and tumbling time and space topsyturvy, Schiller with his fine gifts might no doubt have written a temporary 'epic poem,' of the kind read and admired by many simple persons. But that would have helped little, and could not have lasted long. It is not the untrue imaginary Picture of a man and his life that I want from my Schiller, but the actual natural Likeness, true as the face itself, nay *truer*, in a sense. Which the Artist, if there is one, might help to give, and the Butcher (*Pfuschers*) never can! Alas, and the Artist does not even try it; leaves it altogether to the Butcher, being busy otherwise!

"Believing that mankind are not doomed wholly to doglike annihilation, I believe that much of this will mend. I believe that the world will not always waste its inspired men in mere fiddling to it. That the man of rhythmic nature will feel more and more his vocation towards the Interpretation of Fact; 'since only in the vital centre of that, could we once get thither, lies all real melody; and that he will become, he, once again the Historian of Events,—bewildered Dryasdust having at last the happiness to be his servant, and to have some guidance from him. Which will be blessed indeed. For the present, Dryasdust strikes me like a hapless Nigger gone masterless: Nigger totally unfit for self-guidance; yet without master good or bad; and whose feats in that capacity no god or man can rejoice in.

"History, with faithful Genius at the top and faithful Industry at the bottom, will then be capable of being written. History will then actually be written,—the inspired gift of God employing itself to illuminate the dark ways of God. A thing thrice pressingly needful to be done! Whereby the modern Nations may again become a little less goddess, and again have their 'epics' (of a different from the Schiller sort), and again have several things they are still more fatally in want of at present!"

The remaining chapters of the first book, four in number, are occupied with the hero's birth and parentage. From these we take two pictures; those of George I. of England and of his sister Sophie Charlotte, first Queen of Prussia, who were respectively Frederick's great uncle and grandmother. George is not yet King of England, nor even Elector of Hanover, only Crown Prince, and his nephew, Frederick's father,—a robust, rather mischievous boy of five years old, is on a visit at his father's, "Gentleman Ernest's" court, sent thither by his careful mother in the hope that the boy, naturally rather rough, may gain in that polite centre something of polish, breeding, and deportment. Here is Crown Prince George, and a glimpse at the great tragedy of his life:

"Uncle George again, 'Kurprinz' Georg Ludwig' (Electoral Prince and Heir Apparent), who became George I. of England; he, always a

taciturn, saturnine, somewhat grim-visaged man, not without thoughts of his own, but mostly inarticulate thoughts, was just at this time in a deep domestic intricacy. Uncle George the Kurprinz was painfully detecting, in these very months, that his august spouse and cousin, a brilliant *not* uninjured lady, had become an indignant injuring one; that she had gone, and was going, far astray in her walk of life! Thus all is not radiance at Hanover either, Ninth Elector though we are; but, in the soft sunlight, there quivers a streak of the blackness of very Erebus withal. Kurprinz George, 'I think, though he too is said to have been good to the boy, could not take much interest in this burly nephew of his just now!

"Sure enough it was in this year 1693 that the famed Königsmark tragedy came ripening fast towards a crisis in Hanover; and next year the catastrophe arrived. A most tragic business; of which the little boy, now here, will know more one day. Perhaps it was on this very visit—on one visit it credibly was—that Sophie Charlotte witnessed a sad scene in the Schloss of Hanover—high words rising, where low coolings had been more appropriate; harsh words, mutually recriminative, rising ever higher; ending, it is thought, in *things*, or menaces and motions towards things (actual box on the ear, some call it), never to be forgotten or forgiven! And on Sunday, 1st of July, 1694, Colonel Count Philip Königsmark, Colonel in the Hanover Dragoons, was seen for the last time in this world. From that date he has vanished suddenly underground in an inscrutable manner; never more shall the light of the sun, or any human eye behold that handsome blackguard man. Not for a hundred and fifty years shall human creatures know or guess with the smallest certainty what has become of him.

"And shortly after Königsmark's disappearance there is this sad phenomenon visible: A once very radiant princess (witty, haughty-minded, beautiful, not wise or fortunate) now gone all ablaze into angry tragic conflagration; getting locked into the old Castle of Ahlden, in the moory solitudes of Lüneburg Heath; to stay there till she die—thirty years as it proved—and go into ashes and angry darkness as she may. Old peasants, late in the next century, will remember that they used to see her sometimes driving on the Heath—beautiful lady, long black hair, and the glitter of diamonds in it; sometimes the reins in her own hand, but always with a party of cavalry round her, and their swords drawn. 'Duchess of Ahlden,' that was her title in the eclipsed state. Born Princess of Zelle; by marriage, Princess of Hanover (*Kurprinzessin*); would have been Queen of England too, had matters gone otherwise than they did. Her name, like that of a little daughter she had, is Sophie Dorothee; she is cousin and divorced wife of Kurprinz George; divorced, and as it were abolished alive in this manner. She is little Friedrich Wilhelm's aunt-in-law; and her little daughter comes to be his wife in process of time. Of him, or of those belonging to him, she took small notice, I suppose, in her then mood, the crisis coming on so fast. In her happier innocent days she had two children—a king that is to be, and a queen; George II. of England, Sophie Dorothee of Prussia; but must not now call them hers, or ever see them again."

Sophie Charlotte, first Queen of Prussia, was a learned and accomplished lady, of lively ready wit, sprightly manners, and animated felicitous speech, "deep in literature, especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the rationalistic side." All of which tastes and tendencies she had inherited from her mother, Electress Sophie. Here is an anecdote of these royal ladies on their travels, with an incidental sketch of two philosophers of world-wide fame:

"They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homewards from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies,—after dark: but he had a head-

ache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day; leaving his paper imbroglis, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological marine-stores; and suspended his never-ending scribble, on their behalf;—but would not accept a pension, and give it up.

"They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him; and even very eager to discover it had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak, but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden Avenue at Hanover (famed Linden Alley, leading from Town Palace to Country one, a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking towards Herrenhausen, where the Court, where the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances. Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite court; direct rays there are from the oldest written Gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten Gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright. Let us not condemn that poor French element of Eclecticism, Scepticism, Tolerance, Theodicea, and Bayle of the Bompies *versus* the College of Saumur. Let us admit that it was profitable, at least that it was inevitable; let us pity it, and be thankful for it, and rejoice that we are well out of it. Scepticism, which is there beginning at the very top of the world-tree, and has to descend through all the boughs with terrible results to mankind, is as yet pleasant, tinting the leaves with fine autumnal red."

Sophie Charlotte held scientific and literary "*réunions*" at Berlin, which were attended by Toland, an English writer of some mark in the deistical controversies that raged in this country during the early part of the last century. Toland, who also had strong sympathies with the French rationalistic way of thinking, naturally found himself at home at these *réunions*. The following is an account of the royal lady who gave them, with Mr. Carlyle's own summary of her character:

"These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charming in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken Heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and Christian again, for the time being,—admires Hanover and Berlin very much; and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women. Something between an earthly Queen and a divine Egeria; "Serena" he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory. 'The most beautiful Princess of her time,' says he,—meaning one of the most beautiful; her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue eyes, complexion excellently fair;—'not very tall, and somewhat too plump,' he admits elsewhere. And then her mind,—for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? 'Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant in all manner of subjects; 'knows the abstrusest problems of Philosophy; 'says admiring Toland: much knowledge everywhere exact, and handled as by an artist and queen: for 'her wit is inimitable,' 'her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression, her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her 'the Republican Queen.' She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion: never in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intellect. And then she is

so good withal, so bright and cheerful; and 'has the art of uniting what to the rest of the world are antagonisms, mirth and learning,—say even, mirth and good sense. Is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner. Toland's admiration, deducting the highflown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

"Beyond doubt a bright airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue,—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him: his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was 'an expensive Herr;' much given to magnificent ceremonies, etiquettes and solemnities; making no great way anywhere, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust-vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him,—from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover he was slightly crooked; most sensitive, thin of skin and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, 'Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*); *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!' Besides, it is whispered, she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her Mother Sophie, and her Cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood, with that secret object; and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat wrong for us! She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy; and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third: tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world."

The Queen's husband, Frederick I., son of the "great elector," in his strenuous pursuit of the "infinitely little," had at length attained a crown in the following rather questionable and accidental manner as it is asserted:

"The negotiation had lasted some seven years, without result. There is no doubt but the Succession War and Marlborough would have brought it to a happy issue: in the mean while, it is said to have succeeded at last, somewhat on the sudden, by a kind of accident. This is the curious mythical account; incorrect in some unessential particulars, but in the main and singular part of it well-founded. Elector Friedrich, according to Pöllnitz and others, after failing in many methods, had sent 100,000 *thalers* (say 15,000*l.*) to give, by way of—bribe we must call it,—to the chief opposing Hofrath at Vienna. The money was offered, accordingly; and was refused by the opposing Hofrath: upon which the Brandenburg Ambassador wrote that it was all labour lost; and even hurried off homewards in despair, leaving a Secretary in his place. The Brandenburg Court, nothing despairing, orders in the mean while, Try another with it,—some other Hofrath, whose name they wrote in cipher, which the blundering Secretary took to mean no Hofrath but the Kaiser's Confessor and Chief Jesuit, Pater Wolf. To him accordingly he hastened, with the cash, to him with the respectful Electoral request; who received *both*, it is said, especially the 15,000*l.*, with a *Gloria in excelsis*; and went forthwith and persuaded the Kaiser."

The crown thus obtained is about to be formally put on, and at this august ceremony we obtain another glimpse of the royal husband, who was rather fond of display, rather exacting in the matter of Court etiquette, faithful and zealous, in fact, in his attachment to the "infinitely little," and of his rather republican rationalistic Queen who had had "enough of that:"

"The magnificence of Friedrich's processionings into Königsberg, and through it or in it, to be crowned, and of his coronation ceremonials there: what pen can describe it, what pen need! Folio volumes with copper-plates have been written on it; and are not yet all pasted in band-boxes, or slit into spills. 'The diamond-buttons of his Majesty's coat' (snuff-coloured or purple, I cannot recollect) 'cost 1,500*l.* apiece;' by this one feature judge what an expensive Herr. Streets were hung with cloth, carpeted with cloth, no end of draperies and cloth; your oppressed imagination feels as if there was cloth enough, of scarlet and other bright colours, to hatch the Arctic Zone. With illuminations, cannon-salvos, fountains running wine. Friedrich had made two Bishops for the nonce. Two of his natural Church-Superintendents made into Quasi-Bishops, on the Anglican model,—which was always a favourite with him, and a pious wish of his:—but they remained mere cut branches, these two, and did not, after their haranguing and anointing functions, take root in the country. He himself put the crown on his head: 'King here in my own right, after all!'—And looked his royalist, we may fancy; the kind eyes of him almost partly fierce for moments, and 'the cheerfulness of pride' well blending with something of aweful.

"In all which sublimities, the one thing that remains for human memory is not in these *Folios* at all, but is considered to be a fact not the less: Electress Charlotte's, now Queen Charlotte's, very strange conduct on the occasion. For she cared not much about crowns, or upholstery magnificences of any kind; but had meditated from of old on the infinitely little; and under these genuflexions, risings, sittings, shiftings, grimacings on all parts, and the endless droning eloquence of Bishops invoking Heaven, her ennui, not ill-humoured or offensively ostensible, was heartfelt and transcendent. At one turn of the proceedings, Bishop This and Chancellor That, droning their empty grandiloquences at discretion, Sophie Charlotte was distinctly seen to smuggle out her snuff-box, being addicted to that rakish practice, and fairly solace herself with a delicate little pinch of snuff. Raped tobacco, *tabac rapé*, called by mortals *rapé* or *rapee*: there is no doubt about it; and the new King himself noticed her, and hurled back a look of due fulminancy, which could not help the matter, and was only lost in air. A memorable little action, and almost symbolic in the first Prussian Coronation. 'Yes, we are Kings, and are got so near the stars, not nearer; and you invoke the gods, in that tremendously long-winded manner; and I—Heavens, I have my snuff-box by me, at least!' Thou wearied patient Heroine; cognisant of the infinitely little!—This symbolic pinch of snuff is fragrant all along in Prussian History. A fragrant of humble verity in the middle of all royal or other ostentations; inexorable, quiet protest against cant, done with such simplicity: Sophie Charlotte's symbolic pinch of snuff. She was always considered something of a Republican Queen."

Here we must pause for the present. Next week we shall return to these brilliant and instructive volumes for some account of the Hohenzollerns in Brandenburg, and of Friedrich's early life and training.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Kent, late Bogue.)

FIRST of all (and shame to us that it should be so) and before the poet begins to sing, he has to beg that he may not have his pocket picked. At the very outset of the new volume of Mr. Longfellow's poems, he announces that in order to protect himself from the plunder usual, in the case of American books, on the part of certain English publishers, he has had a small but sufficient part of his book contributed by an English author. This little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and our copyright laws,

otherwise useless to the poet from the west, instantly become operative, and Mr. Longfellow may be permitted to go un plundered. It is no excuse for us to allege that Tennyson or Browning would be used in America as Longfellow has been used here. The state of the copyright laws on both sides the Atlantic is a disgrace to the two great nations of the world, and no writer, English or American, who has the honour of his country at heart will miss an opportunity of recording his protest against the existing system.

A book of any lively kind is specially welcome at this stagnating season, and Longfellow, who is always welcome, comes just now with double acceptance. It seems to us that the frankest and friendliest way to deal with him, and assuredly the way which will be most pleasant to the reader, is to pretermitt any essay, however profound, upon what poetry ought to be, and to what department thereof Mr. Longfellow is attached, and what he hath heretofore done therein. When a friend brings you a present, it is hardly cordial to abstain from looking at it until you have delivered a speech upon the nature and history of gifts in general, upon the various gifts your friend hath from time to time bestowed on you, and so come gradually on to the opening the new casket, with an encouraging "And now, my dear Jones, let us see what you have brought us this time." Suppose that having, and giving others credit for having, a general recollection that Mr. Longfellow never came without bringing something good, something that has become one of those familiar household treasures that we are so accustomed to as not always to notice them, though we should notice remarkably, and with oburgation, their absence; suppose, we say, that we at once ask the poet to speak for himself.

The metre of his larger poem is a well known one. It is not the curious one of "Hiawatha," which set all the parodists at work more or less successfully, but another of our older acquaintances. The courtship of Miles Standish occupies about seventy pages, or half the book. The poem "rests on a basis of historical truth." Miles Standish was the descendant of a valiant race in Lancashire.

"Among the soldiers sent over by Elizabeth Queen of England to help the Dutch in their grand struggle for independence, Miles Standish drew his sword. He united the wisdom of a true statesman with the nerve and daring of a good soldier, qualities which fitted him in a pre-eminent degree to adorn the post which, when he left Leyden for America, he was called on to fill. In Holland, he had learned to admire the devotedness and moral grandeur of the Puritans. Though he never joined their Church, he was the staunch friend and sworn defender of that little band of heroic men and women who landed from the *Mayflower* in New England in the year 1620. As the 'best linguist' among the pilgrims, he was qualified to treat with the Indians; and, as the best soldier, he took the command in their expeditions. 'His capital exploit,' as the old chronicle terms it, was the salvation of the planters at Weymouth from extermination. The hostility of the Indians had been provoked by the injustice of some greedy London adventurers, who were striving to monopolise the advantages of the fur trade. The colony was saved by the wisdom and courage of Miles Standish. He died in 1656, at the age of 72."

The rest of his history is either told or shadowed out in the poem, to which we now introduce our readers. The scene is the old American colony, Plymouth. Miles is discovered in an apartment of "his simple and primitive dwelling," where his handsome young friend John Alden is writing. The room is garnished with arms:

"Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spoke, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.
'Look at these arms,' he said, 'the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breast-plate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
First point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer-steel, the forgotten bones of
Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses.'

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
'Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of
the bullet;
He is his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our
weapon!'

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
'See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal
hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to
others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent
adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your
inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible
army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his
matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and
village,
And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!'

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the
sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain con-
tinued:
'Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer
planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to
the purpose,
Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the
heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the
better—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or
pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokama-
hamion!'

The sturdy warrior (he is, however, small
in stature, and the lady of his love makes
rather an unhandy reference to the fact,
comparing him to a little chimney, soon
hot) gets into a softer mood, for he sees
from the window the grave of his first wife,
Rose, the first to die of all who came over in
the *Mayflower*. No young lady will have
the slightest doubt as to the conduct of the
story: "A hazy widow turned of forty,"
is, as Lord Byron justly remarks, very safe
to win a bride in real life, but in love tales
this is not "Dirletty Dan":

"He'll not marry her—is not the man."
It was not for nothing that we called his
friend handsome, nor will the epithet have
passed unheeded.

After a tribute to poor Rose, the soldier
naturally proceeds to observe that it is not
good for man to be alone, and that he pro-
poses to make a second marriage. Now it
happens that the *Mayflower* is returning to
England next day, and John Alden is busy:

"Writing epistles important to go next day by the *May-
flower*.
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Pris-
cilla,
Till the brachetous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strive to betray it by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla!"

It may therefore be surmised that when
his martial middle-aged friend goes on to
confide to him, that in lonely hours he has
cast his eyes on this said Priscilla, and that
he shall be very much obliged to John if he
will go and woo her for him, as Miles is not
much of a lady's man, Alden is something
more than disagreeably astonished. Here,
however, is his commission:

"Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of
actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a
soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
meaning:
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
language.
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a
maiden."

John Alden makes divers excuses, but
being at last appealed to in the name of
friendship, can resist no longer; friendship
prevails over love, and Alden goes on his
errand in a most unhappy mood. What he
would not have allowed us to call supersti-
tion comes to his aid:

"This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in
anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and
devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribu-
tion!"

He proceeds and reaches the house:
'Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the
maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-
drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous
spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel
in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a
churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old
Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of
home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of
her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and
relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and
woe of his errand."

He is received most kindly by Priscilla,
and in due time he opens the business; but,
as may easily be imagined, his heart is not
in it, and he blurts out the proposition in a
way eminently calculated to offend Priscilla,
who indignantly demands why the great
Captain does not come and woo for himself.
Alden does not mend matters by saying
that the Captain was busy and had no time
for such things. The lady replies:

"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he
is married.
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the
wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand
us, you cannot,
When you've made up your minds, after thinking of this
one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with
another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and
sudden avowal.
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that
a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never sus-
pected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have
been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but
shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he
loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might
have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

But Alden plucks up loyally, and pleads
his friend's merits so warmly, that at last
Priscilla:

"Said in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?'"

Now, we think, we have told as much as
it is fair to the poet to tell, for there is a
legitimate and recognised way of injuring
an author, by plucking out the heart of his
mysteries, and this is almost as unfair as
quietly pirating his words. We will
not, therefore, gratify the curiosity we
hope that Mr. Longfellow has awakened,
but will commend the poem itself to all
readers. On the other hand, we are entitled
to pluck some flowers from the garden we
have respectfully walked through.

Here is John Alden, after Priscilla has
given him the hint we have mentioned:

"Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and be-
wildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the
sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the
east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within
him."

Which east wind he addressed with an
affection worthy of Mr. Kingsley:

"Welcome, O wind of the East! he exclaimed in his
wild exultation,
'Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty
Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of
sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens
of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and
wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within
me!'"

The Indians send a defiance to the little
colony, and here are the Puritans in council:

"Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the
Bible,
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines."

But one voice is for trying to make peace, a
proposal that Miles Standish, who has learned
the unlucky issue of his wooing by proxy, is
in no mind to listen to:

"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the
water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red
devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of
the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of
Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent
language:
'Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they
spoke with!
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued
discouraging:
'Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the
challenge!'

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, con-
temptuous gesture,
Jerked the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and
bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: 'Here, take it! this is your
answer!'"

There is some pretty conversation between
John and Priscilla, the latter asking:

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?"
said she.
'Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were
pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and
wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out forgetful perhaps of
decorum.'
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend
of Miles Standish:
'I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was
angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my
keeping.'
'No!' interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and
decisive;

'No: you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs.

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:

'Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!

'Ah, by these words, I can see,' again interrupted the maiden,

'How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you.

Of the war with the Indians, of Miles Standish's gallantry, of Alden's taking passage for England, and the other incidents of the story, those who would know,—and who would not?—must learn from the poet's pages. Here is the end of all things:

"Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together,

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschcol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,

Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession."

The remainder of the volume is composed of short poems, some of them of great beauty, and all marked by that extreme distinctness of idea and expression characteristic of Mr. Longfellow's poetry. He is eminently practical even in his imaginative flights, and his illustrations are usually laid out with diagrammatic precision. We have taken nearly enough from the new book, and will therefore select only one more specimen of its contents, the shortest we can find:

DAYBREAK.

"A wind came up out of the sea,

And said 'O mists, make room for me.'

"It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on,

Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

"And hurried landward far away,

Crying, 'Awake; it is the day.'

"It said unto the forest, 'Shout!

Hang all your leafy banners out!'

"It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,

And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

"And o'er the farms, 'O chanticler,

Your clarion blow; the day is near.'

"It whispered to the fields of corn,

'Bow down, and hail the coming morn.'

"It shouted through the belfry-tower,

'Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.'

"It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,

And said, 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'"

There is, perhaps, little necessity for winding up with a solemn sentence. Yet, if opinion upon the "Courtship of Miles

Standish" be demanded, we are inclined to think it must be given thus—or to some such effect—namely, that the poem is marked by grace and purity, is garnished with some very choice thoughts, lucidly set, and is worthy of a reputation, which, nevertheless, it will not, in any appreciable degree, advance.

Bibliotheca Classica. P. Vergili Maronis Opera. With a Commentary by John Conington, M.A. Vol. I. (Whitaker.)

IN reviewing new editions of classical authors there are many different points from which it is open to us to regard our subject. We may write an essay on the author, or we may write an essay on the editor. We may compare him with the old English or the modern German school of critics. We may call attention to either his philological or his æsthetic merits. We may, in fine, look at him either from the scholarly, the linguistic, or the poetical point of view. In the perfect critic we should, of course, desire to see all three elements united; but perhaps that is a Utopian expectation. In the mean time, however, the first duty of a literary commentator plainly is to inform his readers to which of the three schools aforesaid the editor of such a work belongs. Of Mr. Conington, then, we may say at once that the scholar is predominant. We doubt his appreciation of poetry; and on his linguistic acquirements, as he here puts forward no claim to them, so we are not compelled to apply any sort of comment. We may, however, add our own opinion that they are far more than equal to the exigencies of his present work, though he characteristically keeps them in the background.

When we say that the "scholar" is predominant in this edition of Virgil, we mean that the notes partake of that character to which commentators of the Elmsley and Porson school have given a particular distinction. They display less originality; perhaps only for the reason that as much was not possible. But they discuss readings, constructions, and punctuation in the regular orthodox style. Now we would humbly—and we use the word with sincerity—we would humbly submit, that such is not the spirit in which the standard English edition of Virgil should have been done. Virgil is pre-eminently the Englishman's classic. Eton and Winchester have made Latin hexameters like household words to him, and his own sympathy with rural occupation completes what his school days had begun. In Latin verses and in love of the country you have the two principal ingredients in an average English gentleman's refinement. We are therefore jealous for the honour of Virgil; and when Mr. Conington tells us, as he does at p. 135, "that he is conscious of his own deficiency in the power or habit of appreciating external nature," we are driven to think that he has recorded the strongest possible testimony against his fitness for the work he has undertaken.

The present volume of this work consists of the Eclogues and Georgics, with notes, and an introduction to each, and two essays on the late Bœotic, and later didactic poets of Rome. Of the latter little seems necessary to be said in the way of criticism. The reader will there find all he wants to know, if he wants to know anything, of Calpurnius, Manilius, and their confrères, though indeed

he is not told, what he ought to have been, that Calpurnius is really an elegant and musical writer. But it is the introduction to these poems which principally invite attention, and of the two the introduction to the Georgics more especially. In the introduction to the Eclogues, Mr. Conington insists on the extent of Virgil's obligation to Theocritus, greater even, he says, than has been commonly supposed; and points out his somewhat inartistic confusion of Italian and Sicilian scenery which had been before remarked upon by Mr. Keightley. But there is nothing in it which calls for special notice, unless it be the following passage, which, though rather obscurely expressed, seems to point to a valuable truth:

"More than one writer has remarked on Virgil's practice of characterising things by some local epithet, as a peculiarity by which he is distinguished from the earlier Latin poets. Doubtless in many instances there is some special reason for the choice of the word: it may point to some essential attribute of the thing, or some accidental connection with time and place which has a real significance in the context. But there are others where it is not easy to perceive any such relevancy. What appropriateness can there be in describing the hedge which separates Tityrus' farm from his neighbour's as having its willow-blossoms fed upon by the bees of Hybla, or in the wish that the swarms which Moeris has to look after may avoid the yews of Corsica! The epithet here is significant, not to the reader but to the poet, or to the reader only so far as he happens to share in the poet's intellectual antecedents: it appeals not to a first-hand appreciation of the characteristics of natural objects, such as is open to all, but to information gained from reading or travel, and therefore confined to a few. And from what we know of the facts of Virgil's life we may safely conclude that, at the time of the composition of the Eclogues at any rate, his associations were those of a student, not those of a tourist. Nor would it be just to stigmatise the predilection which this indicates as merely conventional. It may be narrow, but within its limits it is genuine. There are some minds which are better calculated, at least in youth, to be impressed by the inexhaustibility of Art than by the infinity of Nature. They may lack the genial susceptibility which in others is awakened immediately by the sight of the world without, and they may not have had time to educate their imperfect sympathies into a fuller appreciation; but they respond without difficulty to the invitations of natural beauty as conveyed to them through an intervening medium, adapted by its own perfection for the transmission of the perfection which exists beyond. They see with the eyes of others, not with their own; but their soul nevertheless receives the vision. Over such minds the recollection of a word in a book has the same power which others find in a remembered sight or sound. It recalls not only its own image, but the images which were seen in company with it: nay, it may touch yet longer trains of association, and come back upon the memory with something like the force of the entire body of impressions originally excited by the work which happens to contain it. Even those who have held more direct intercourse with nature are not insensible to the operation of this secondary charm. Can any one who reads Milton doubt that the mere sound of the stately names of classic history and mythology exercised a real influence on the poet's fancy? And Mr. Tennyson has lately given us a testimony to the constraining magic of Virgil's own language, where he speaks of himself as haunted during his journey from Como not by the thought of the overflowing lake, but by the 'ballad-burthen music' of *Lari Maxime*.

But it is the introduction to the Georgics that challenges criticism of a more definite character. The fact is, that if a resolute stand is not soon made in favour of the

Mantuan poet, not one stone of his reputation will be left upon another. Mr. Gladstone has done all that in him lay to bring discredit on the *Æneid*. And now comes Mr. Conington with the following heavy blow at our old favourite the Georgics:

"But the question of the reality of the Georgics does not wholly depend on the value of the work as an agricultural treatise. It may be true that Virgil is an inaccurate farmer's guide, yet true, also, that he is a warm and hearty lover of nature. This is a praise which is usually conceded to the Georgics without hesitation. Horace said that Virgil received the endowment of delicacy and artistic skill from the Muses of the country; and the sentence which, in the mouth of its author, was merely the expression of a fact, has been accepted and repeated in later times as the announcement of a judgment. Now that Virgil has ceased to be regarded as the rival of Homer, it is common to represent him as the poet of rural life, who is to be estimated not by the ambitious task which imperial vanity thrust upon his manhood, but by the more simple and genial works to which he turned of himself in the freshness of youth. Such is the view which is enforced by Mr. Keble in his *Lectures on Poetry*. That which especially distinguishes Virgil, it is eloquently maintained, is his ardent and irrepressible love of the country. Not only is it the animating soul of the *Eclagues* and *Georgics*, but it haunts him throughout the *Æneid*, venting itself in a number of half-melancholy retrospects, and breaking out into 'a thousand similes.' He seems scarcely to wish to make his hero interesting, but he is never tired of illustrating epic situations by the characteristic beauties and delicate proprieties of natural objects. Nay, it is even suggested that the event in his personal history which most markedly connects him with the country, is likely to have had a large share in determining the character of his poetry. Anxiety about the safety of his farm was one of the presiding feelings in the composition of the *Eclagues*: the tender recollection of the past danger and of the scenes which he may have afterwards revisited hovers over the *Georgics*: gratitude for the protection extended to him induced him to make a sacrifice of his truer instincts, and undertake the *Æneid*.

"To attempt a full discussion of this opinion would be obviously presumptuous in one who is conscious of his own deficiency in the power or habit of appreciating external nature, and so is incapable of rightly estimating those descriptive or allusive touches which undoubtedly appear throughout Virgil's poems. Such an one, however, may perhaps be allowed to state his own impression with regard to the prominence of the position which the feeling in question would seem to have occupied in the poet's mind as unfolded in his works. * * * * *

It is difficult to conceive that a man in whose mind the ambition of imitation, the charm of recollected reading, and a taste for conventional conceptions filled so large a space, can have found his delight and solace, at least to the extent supposed, in sympathy with external nature. The unreality of the pastoral life in the *Eclagues* does not indeed prove the existence of similar unreality in the *Georgics*; but it prepares us to expect it. Probably there is no passage in the *Georgics* in which sympathy with nature is more strongly expressed than that to which I have already adverted, where he contrasts the vocation of Lucretius with his own. He prays that he may delight in the country and the streams that freshen the valleys—that he may love river and woodland with an unambitious love. He sighs for Sperchius and Taygetus, the revel-ground of Spartan maidens, and longs for some one who will set him down in the cool glens of Haemus, and shelter him with the giant shade of its boughs. He talks of the bliss of the man who has won the friendship of the rural gods, Pan and old Silvanus, and the sisterhood of nymphs. He occupies the rest of the book with the praises of the country life, its tranquillity and purity, its constant round of pleasant employments, its old historic and

legendary renown. But he has already painted the destiny of a scientific inquirer into nature in colours which can scarcely be intended to be less glowing, and declared that his first love is centred there. The very distinctness with which Lucretius is indicated as the ideal after which he primarily aspires, is itself a presumption that the aspiration is in some sort genuine. There is, indeed, something strange and sad, if this were the place to dwell on it, in the spectacle of a man contemplating the Lucretian system and an attempt to realise the old rural belief as two feasible alternatives, and leaving the choice to be determined by his mental constitution: stranger, perhaps, and sadder still, if we suppose him to be using words without a distinct consciousness of their full meaning, and to be thinking really of the comparative aptitude for poetical purposes of the two opposite aspects of nature. But though such a state of mind has no affinity to the terrible earnestness of Lucretius himself, it is not uncharacteristic of a would-be-philosopher: while the touch which immediately follows, the praise of a country life as affording no scope for the pains of pity or of envy, seems to show a lingering sympathy with philosophic doctrine even after he has resigned himself to an unphilosophic life. Nor is this the only passage in which we find traces of a yearning after philosophy as the true sphere of a poet. The song of Iopas in the First Book of the *Æneid*, where several lines are repeated from the passage we have just been considering, shows that the conception was one which continued to dwell with him through life: the song of Silenus in the sixth *Eclague* is a witness no less to its early formation. In the latter, as we there saw, a cosmogony which, though not strictly Epicurean, is expressed throughout in Lucretian phraseology, is succeeded by a series of mythological stories, as in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*: but the compromise is merely equivalent to the oscillation of mind shown in the *Georgics*, between the scientific temper that defies death by disbelieving the future and the primitive faith in wood-gods and nymphs. The same feeling shows itself in the scattered hints of a pessimist spirit which appear even on trifling occasions, in the reflection on the unequal struggle between man and nature as exemplified in the sowing of pulse, and the exhortation to the breeder of cattle to take advantage of those bright days of life which are the first to fly. The general impression which we thus gain is singularly confirmed by Virgil's biographer, who tells us, with every appearance of truth, that just before his last illness he had resolved to spend three years abroad in polishing the *Æneid*, and then, for the rest of his life, to devote himself to philosophy. Such a taste is of course not in itself inconsistent with a love of the external aspects of nature: but it shows that, in the judgment at least, natural beauty was not his one congenial element, the only atmosphere which could invigorate the pulses and sustain the wings of his fancy. His philosophical aspirations are those of an intellectual amateur rather than of a genuine lover of wisdom: but the temperament which admits of such lukewarm devotion is one which we should expect to find not in the single-minded enthusiast for nature, but in the many-sided cultivator of art."

We wish to emphatically express our disapprobation of the spirit of this entire passage. In the first place, as regards Virgil's agricultural correctness, Dr. Daubeny has pointed out, what Mr. Conington has neglected to quote, that Virgil's agricultural precepts are singularly correct and lucid, and so sound as to be in many instances commonly acted upon in the present day. But now comes the great question—Virgil's rural tastes. Now a man may "love nature" after two or three separate fashions. He may love her with the enthusiasm of Shelley; he may contemplate her with the silent rapture of Wordsworth; or he may enjoy her as Isaac Walton and Gilbert White enjoyed her: this last is the sort of rural taste most congenial to Englishmen. And

such in our opinion were the feelings of the Roman poet. He loved nature as a naturalist loves her, as an habitual dweller amongst her beauties loves her, to whom her features are so familiar, that he no more thinks of uttering rhapsodies about them than about those of his wife or daughter. If this view of the case be correct, a great part of the above extract is as erroneous as it is pompous. If the "Georgics" were a set poem in praise of the country, they would lose that peculiar charm which they now possess—the half-unconscious allusions to country sights and sounds, which proved that Virgil was not one of those who were in the country, but not of it. That he had a hearty appreciation of its genius, and was penetrated by its beautiful and simple associations, is proved, for instance, by the return of the crows in the first *Georgic*; the felling of ancient trees in the second; and the bullock sickening at the plough in the third. There is a certain hidden language in which persons of similar tastes communicate with one another, be the object of their common admiration what it may. Genuine lovers of the country have their language; and he who does not comprehend it, can never, in our opinion, hope to understand Virgil. To us, every line of the "Georgics" is redolent of this affection. The poet had other serious pursuits: philosophy might be one; the composition of his great heroic poem might be another. But how would these clash with his love of the country we want to know? Mr. Conington seems to have made a thoroughly false start in this discussion. He seems to us, at least, quite to have mistaken the meaning of the lines at the beginning of the Sixth *Eclague*—

"Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthus aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: Pastorem, Tyrrum, pinguis
Pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen."

By Cynthus, Virgil seems to imply the inspiration which told him where his true strength lay; and the words, "cum canerem," may well bear the interpretation of "when I, instead of moral poetry, was for trying heroic." We are well aware of our presumption in differing with a gentleman of Mr. Conington's eminence in Latin literature; but the point at issue is not one of technical scholarship, but such as any man, able to read Virgil at all, is as good a judge of as a professor.

The notes to this volume are just such as we should have expected from the author's peculiar talents. They are laborious and sound, but not interesting, not always necessary, and not always clear. As instances of the second failing, we would give his note upon *Georg. i. 410, seq.*—

"Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant, et saepe cubilibus altis,
Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine lacti,
Inter se in foliis strepitant; iuvat imbricis actis
Progeniem parvam dulcisque revivere nidos."

Upon which Mr. Conington observes—

"The sentence can hardly have any other meaning than that the rooks are glad to revisit their young when the showers are over, though Keightley objects that they have been driven home already by the shower, and accordingly understands 'revivere,' 'to review,' examine the state in which they are in after the storm. Servius asserts on the authority of Pliny that rooks are apt to forget their young and not go near them."

Virgil means to say, surely, that having been driven home by the shower, then, when it was over, the rooks rejoiced about their nests. Again, *Georg. ii. 204*, Virgil says—

"Et cui putre solum,—namque hoc imitatur arando—
Optima frumentis."

Upon which the editor says, "Col. (5. 4. 2) quotes this line as meaning that the natural character of the soil actually saves the manual labour of artificially loosening the earth." We think Mr. Conington would have done better not to perplex his readers by any quotation from Columella at all in this case, unless he meant, which we suppose he does not, that Columella was right.

We think the following notes will bear out our charge of indistinctness: first, Georg. i. 193—

"Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serentis
Et nitro prius et nigra perfundere amara,
Grandior ut fetus silivis fallacibus esset,
Et, quamvis igni exiguo, properata maderent."

"193.] This line was supposed by most of the old interpreters to refer to what follows, as if Virgil had meant to say that even slightly boiling seeds, as well as steeping them before sowing, was not sure to be effectual. The present punctuation, which was introduced by Catrou, has been generally followed since Heyne's second edition, and is supported by two of the writers in the *Georgics*, Didymus 2. 35, and Democritus 2. 41 (referred to by Keightley), as well as by Palladius, 12. 1, who recommend the steeping of beans that they may bud more easily. 'Madoe' is used in the sense of being eodden, *Plant. Men.* 2. 2. 51, and elsewhere. 'Properata' goes closely with 'maderent,' being nearly equivalent to 'propre.' So 'propera atque elue,' *Plant. Aul.* 2. 3. 3, is 'propre elue'; 'properandus et fingendus,' *Pers.* 3. 32, 'propre fingendus.'

Second, Georg. ii. 265—

"At, si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit,
Ante locum similes exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
Arboribus seges, et quo mox digesta feratur."

"267.] Keightley now supposes 'similem' to mean 'a soil like that in which the parent vine stands,' explaining vv. 269 foll. similarly of transplantation into, not from, the nursery; but this seems far less likely. The 'seminarium' for vines is described by Col. Arb. 1. The commentators, supposing Virgil to be speaking of the nursery for vines in connexion with the vineyard (which in the note on the preceding line I have assumed to be the case), seem universally to understand 'arboribus' of the vines. The question has been treated on v. 89, and it need only be added here that such a use of words is peculiarly unlikely in the present context, as in vv. 289, 290 'vitis' and 'arbos' are expressly distinguished. We might evade the difficulty by supposing the reference here to be not to vines at all, but simply to their supporters, which had a 'seminarium' of their own, from which they were transplanted into the 'arbutum,' as appears from Pliny 17. 10, 11, Col. 5. 6, who expressly apply precepts like these of Virgil to their case. We should then conclude that Virgil being anxious, as elsewhere, to combine brevity with variety, had passed from the vines to their supporters, leaving the treatment of the former to be inferred, as it were, a fortiori. Such an explanation would be certainly confirmed by Col. 1. c., whose language is founded on Virgil's: 'Ne aliter arbores constituamus quam quemadmodum in seminario steterint: plurimum enim refert ut eam partem caeli spectent cui ab tenero conseruerunt. But such a transition would create an almost inexcusable ambiguity, though we must not estimate the impression received by those who were familiar with the distinction between 'vitis' and 'arbos' by the impression produced on those who have overlooked it. I would suggest then that the sense of 'ubi prima paretur arboribus seges' is, 'where at first ('prima' = 'primum,' opposed to 'mox') the vine-crop may be got ready for its supporters,' in other words, may be prepared for afterwards standing in the 'arbutum,' a description of a nursery for vines, in which the poet may have been thinking of a maiden being trained for a husband. This would further avoid the necessity of changing the sense of 'segēs' in the two clauses, and referring it in the first to the soil of the nursery, in the second to its contents. 'Digesta feratur' = 'digeratur et feratur,' or rather 'feratur

et digeratur.' Comp. v. 318, 'Concretam radicem adfigere, terne.'

Geor. iv. 228.

"Si quando sedem angustam servataque mella
Theauris relines, prius haustu sparsus aquarum
Ora fove, fumosque manu prætende sequacis."

"230.] Col. (9. 14) says that the person who is to take the honey ought to have bathed, and to have abstained from any thing that would taint the breath. It is natural then with Wund. to take 'ora fove' of rinsing the mouth, the process being the same as would take place in fomentation, though the object is different. We have already had 'ora foveat' (2. 135) of cleansing the breath, without any reference to abluition, the force of the word there, as is remarked in the note, being that of medical application; while both are combined in A. 12. 420, 'Fovet ea volnus lymphæ.' Virgil, we may remember, has other uses of 'foveo,' which may be characterised as rather strained or indefinite (e. g. 3. 420, and v. 43 above), and a certain circumlocution is natural in a poet speaking of a somewhat undignified action. 'Sparsus,' which has occasioned some difficulty, has doubtless a quasi-middle force, while its application is limited by 'ora' and 'haustu.' The mouth of course would be sprinkled in squirting out the water or in taking the mouthful. The old reading before Heins. was 'haustus . . . ore.' 'Hauftu . . . ora' is supported by a sufficient number of good MSS., though they do not invariably concur in both words. *Med. a. m. p.* has 'astu . . . ore fave,' which last words are recognised as a variant by Serv., and have been adopted by Brunck, as if the poet had meant to invest his precept with a ritual air. Other interpretations and readings have been suggested; but as the view given above appears satisfactory, they need not be mentioned. 'Fumos': the smoke seems to have been intended not to stupefy the bees, but to drive them away, as appears from Col. 9. 15, and other writers on the subject, as well as from Virgil's own simile A. 12. 587. This gives force to 'sequacis.'

We do not say of any one of these notes that they are unintelligible, or even obscure. But they are confused, and in this respect they contrast unfavourably with those in other volumes of this series.

As an evidence of the absence of poetical appreciation, we shall cite Mr. Conington's note upon Virgil's celebrated comparison between the bees and the Cyclopes:—

"It is the comparison of bees to Cyclopes under any circumstances that is objected to, because the sense of what they have in common is borne down and overwhelmed by the sense of their utter difference. It is true that the similarity of bees and men is a thought which, judiciously or injudiciously, is made to run throughout the poem; but the step from human labour to the gigantic exertions of demigods is a considerable one, and is only to be excused by supposing, as has been already intimated on v. 86, that Virgil here and elsewhere is more or less consciously mock-heroic."

Does not Mr. Conington see that it is not to the work done, but to the regularity and methodical way of doing it, that his author is calling our attention—a virtue which he illustrates by the most perfect instance of it he knew? The character of the mistake of attributing anything like the mock-heroic to Virgil is more easily felt than described. To introduce any touches of the mock-heroic into a serious didactic poem would be as great a violation of taste as the introduction of an elevated sentiment into a professedly mock-heroic one. Virgil's continual assertions throughout the *Georgics*, that his subject itself wanted dignity, which must be supplied by the aid of Apollo and his own graces of diction, are quite at variance with Mr. Conington's supposition. Nor must we forget either, that immediately after the lines in question, Virgil proceeds to

speak of bees as possessing certain mysterious instincts and habits which seem to elevate them above the common run of the brute creation.

At v. 203 foll. Mr. Conington, seems to be groping about to find his way through a difficulty, which, if he would open his eyes and look at it, would soon disappear. After speaking of their constant labour, Virgil says:—

"Saepe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
Attrivere, ultroque animam sub facie dederæ
Tantus amor florum et generandi gloria mellis.
Ergo ipsas quamvis angustis terminus aevi
Excipiat; neque enim plus septuaginta ducitur aestas."

The Editor here gives us a long note, and cites numerous commentators, on the vexed question, whether these lines are in their right place:—

"Perhaps we are wrong in seeking for any close connexion in a context like this, where, as has been remarked on v. 191, the various notices of the habits of bees seem to be rather isolated from each other. If it is necessary to discover a link, it may be suggested that the mention of the constant succession reminded Virgil of the accidents which carry off bees before their time, in themselves a proof of the energy of the race, and that thence he was led to observe that in spite of the frequency of such accidents and the scanty lives enjoyed by individuals in any case, the line was inextinguishable. Bryce supposes the connexion to be, that though they have not the ordinary inducement to provide for their young, they still work indefatigably, risking and even sacrificing their lives, a thing only to be explained by their love of their occupation. But Virgil evidently supposes them to rear their young, whether they generate them or no; and moreover the interpretation is confessedly open to the objection that it supposes vv. 206 foll. to be unconnected with what precedes."

We protest we cannot see the awkwardness here alluded to. It is their love of flowers and making honey that often leads the bees to over-tax their strength. But it is at the same time by this very zeal and energy that the race is kept up. The word "ergo," 206, is taken up directly from the "amor" in the line preceding.

In his note upon Georg. iv. 227—

"Sideris in numerum atque alto succedere caelo."
Sideris in numerum atque alto succedere caelo."

Mr. Conington might have added that the word *numerus*, being sometimes used of rank or station, may very well bear that interpretation here.

We trust we have written enough to give our readers a clear idea of Mr. Conington's performance. One recommendation it possesses in common with the rest of the series: it embodies all the newest information and theories, and it will no doubt form an indispensable work for all candidates for University or College scholarships. As an authority upon Virgil it has rather disappointed us. But as a trustworthy and careful exposition of the best interpretations, and a serviceable analysis of the contents of the *Georgics*, it merits very high praise indeed.

The Geologist: a Popular Monthly Magazine of Geology. Edited by S. J. Mackie, F.G.S., F.S.A. (Reynolds, Simpkin & Marshall.)

The nine first numbers of this very useful and very pleasant periodical now lie before us, carrying it from its establishment in January last down to the present month. Its object is to convey information on the grand and ever-expanding science, which deals with the world beneath our feet, in a

popular manner, and in articles "intelligible to the general reader." Nor can we commend its intent in happier language than that of the Rev. C. Kingsley, in a letter published in the second number, in which he expresses himself "especially delighted to find that the editor aims at spreading a popular knowledge of geology," and adds that, "there are hundreds, if not thousands, who have no time to work out geological problems for themselves, who yet are most desirous of instruction, and who would receive the results of the science frankly and trustfully." Mr. Kingsley might have extended the scope of his remark, and added with greater truth, that not only "hundreds and thousands," but certainly the vast majority of all persons of general information and of any amount of reading—from the tired artisan yawning over the scientific works of half a century ago, which garnish the shelves of his Literary and Scientific Institution, to the eager man of business whose knowledge of everything passing around him outside the circle of his own beat consists of odd bits and scraps hysterically snapped up as he darts to and fro in his railway carriage,—are but too happy to hail any publication which, emanating from such a source as to guarantee accuracy, supplies intelligible information on scientific subjects in language free from the jargon of the craft. And we believe one great secret of the extended popularity which has been attained by one or two modern series of what may be called family works, is to be found in the pleasant popular articles they contain on recent discoveries in deep and abstruse sciences. The thirst for information on such matters is marvellous; all sorts and conditions of men catch with avidity at the narrowest opening which seems to promise even a peep into the arcana of science. All this we say, too, without forgetting, and assuredly without abating one jot of our contempt for, the race of smatterers. But we draw a very broad line of demarcation between the dilettante coxcomb, who on the strength of a hasty gallop through a few elementary works, and a consequent fluent use of scientific hard names, sets up for a philosopher, for the man "that knows all about it," and the modest, genuine lover of science for itself, who is content to pick up his information second hand, and acknowledge it, not only by no means ashamed, but glad to sit at the feet of the Doctors.

For this very large class of inquirers the *Geologist* appears to us to supply in its own region the very thing that was wanted. To take as an instance three of the most prominent and most characteristic articles appearing in the number for the present month. We have, first, one of a series of papers on the geological structure of one of our counties, under the modest title of "Contributions to the Geology of Gloucestershire," by the Rev. P. B. Brodie. A reference to these articles will show that when completed they will form a handbook on a very comprehensive plan of the geological peculiarities of the county, enabling both inhabitant and tourist to examine and understand the history and structure of the wonderful strata beneath their feet, and the more curious among both to make at once for spots where research will be amply rewarded. Next, a geologist on his travels sends home some equally interesting and useful memoranda of observations made in some parts of Ireland often visited by tourists, and supplying not merely fresh objects of

note, to be borne in mind by these latter, but in truth some general remarks on the structure of so much of the earth's crust as buds out of the ocean in the shape of the Sister Island, which are remarkable for their comprehensiveness, and for the ease with which a good general fundamental idea may be deduced from them. And lastly, the pages devoted to foreign correspondence furnish us with as near an approach to light reading as so ponderous a science admits, in the shape of some interesting particulars about the coast of Flanders, and Continental gossip on experiments and discoveries abroad, chiefly in the direction of what seems just at present the geological rage, namely, the reproduction by artificial means, chemical and mechanical, of some of the very structures whose history and formation we have been for ages unravelling. Such a periodical as the *Geologist*, if kept carefully to its original scope, and strictly excluding all technical and trivial disquisitions, ought to succeed. At any rate it shall not fail to do so for want of our hearty good wishes. We at once recommend it to the attention of our geological friends.

SHORT NOTICES.

Studies of Christianity. By James Martineau. (Longmans.) A compilation of papers written during a period of thirty years in various publications, and now placed before the English public, in a collected form, for the first time. We need hardly say that Mr. Martineau is a man of the first eminence in that small but influential body which takes the Unitarian view of Christianity. These writings, it is distinctly stated, while expressing only Mr. Martineau's personal convictions, are intended to hasten ultimate unity, and Christian approximation "towards a centre of repose as yet invisible." Admiring and applauding the motive, they involve far too many differences of opinion to permit us to hope for any speedy realisation of so excellent an object. Indeed it may be reasonably doubted whether all the controversial works that were ever written have forwarded the cause of Christian approximation. We rather think that end, so far as it has hitherto been attained, has been accomplished by other means than theological controversy. At all events we cannot now engage in discussions upon the weighty topics suggested by this volume. But we may say that those whose taste or whose duties lead them to engage in polemics will derive advantage, with regard to the spirit in which their disputations should be conducted, from a careful study of the chapter entitled "Peace in Division." Most of the other papers are pervaded by exalted views of peace and charity towards all men, by intellectual vigour, by profound learning, and by a thorough acquaintance with human character. We can only add that being the production of a writer of highly cultivated understanding and of deserved eminence, this work is a valuable accession to Unitarian literature, and indeed to general theological literature.

The Elements of Inorganic Chemistry. By J. C. Buckmaster, F.C.S. (Longmans.) This little work has been prepared by a practical chemist and teacher of physics, in the hope that it may be found useful in promoting the scientific education of the senior classes in trade schools; but the author also trusts that it may not be without value to pupil teachers, schoolmasters, and the students of classes in Mechanics' Institutions. We have gone through it with care, and our deliberate judgment is, that it is admirably adapted for all the purposes for which it was intended. The experimental sciences, particularly chemistry, are very popular, and a desire to learn them is easily stirred up, particularly in the more active and busy districts of the country. This publication will be found to give judicious aid in that direction. All the definitions contained in it, even where they

are most technical, are exceedingly clear; and the practical directions are models of simple yet full expression. Mr. Buckmaster's object has been to render the work as practical as possible; and we shall be much mistaken if it does not before long become a recognised class-book among those for whose guidance and instruction it has been produced.

A Guide to Paris. (Stanford.) A most excellent and practical book, which tells a tourist, who is also an epicure, all that he can want to know about Paris, from its Merovingians to its *meringues*. It is a far better book than *Galigani*; and it contains, in addition to its wealth of written information, three maps, as well executed as Mr. Stanford has taught us that anything of that kind, issued by himself, is likely to be.

A Guide to Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c. By Frank F. Dalby. (Stanford.) This is a companion book to the *Paris Guide*, and equally well done in its way. The telegraph has now brought the Channel Islands within a five shilling message; and bold Britons will be instigated to fresh interruptions upon these charming outlying districts of their Queen's dominions. We can state, from experience, that they cannot have a better companion than Mr. Dalby.

The Art of Taming Horses. By J. S. Rarey. (Routledge.) So much of the art of taming horses, or riding them when tamed, as can be taught by a book, is imparted in this neat red-backed volume. It discloses the secret practices of the magician Rarey, as we were privileged to behold them in Pinlico, and plates are given showing the horse in the various stages of projection and subjection. Mr. Briggs can qualify himself, from these pages, for the next essay that shall bring him under the favourable notice of Mr. Leech. But there is a great deal more. The book, which has been written by that accomplished Nimrod, the hunting correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, contains a great mass of information upon his own pursuit, very agreeably presented; and if Mr. Assheton Smith, just deceased, could have believed it possible that anybody would dare to discommend fox-hunting, and the great hunter could have gone so far as to restrain himself from sending the blasphemer to Hamwell, he would certainly have ordered him to read our author's defence of the noble science. Mr. Smith being gone to "the happy hunting grounds," we beg to invite X of the *Times* to the advocate for the pursuit on which the Premier was so happy to spend his thousands. To the lady equestrians of England, moreover, the book will be acceptable, not merely as a revelation of the Rarey secret, but as containing a great number of useful hints to themselves.

Examples of Analytical Geometry of Three Dimensions. Collected by I. Todhunter, M.A. (Macmillan.) We notice a work designed solely for students, because we had occasion to advert to the fact that charges of unfair borrowing from another author were made against Mr. Todhunter, and it is due to him that we should give equal prominence to the statement, that he has made his answer to those charges. The dispute is without general interest, but it is always well to see literary men sensitive upon the subject of character.

Origin of the Scottish Language. By James Patterson. (Nimmo, Edinburgh.) A neat little book, and if the title do not effectually scare away a southern reader, he will derive historical and philological instruction from its pages. The writer desires to see the vernacular preserved among us, in defiance of the artificial language of the educated. We confess that the idea of two languages is not a favourite with us, and we would rather desire a compromise, in which the strength of daily talk might be blended with the exactness of writing. Let us be neither careless nor pedantic.

A Manual of Domestic Economy. (Groombridge.) The public have already found this book out, and three editions have been sold. There are, however, thousands who will be glad to hear of it. For their benefit we would mention that

the Committee of Council on Education, having wisely resolved to train its female students in domestic economy, and having been apprised that there existed no good text-book for the purpose, requested a duly accredited and qualified writer to prepare one, and here the work is. The name, "Tegetmeier," should be endeared to households where common sense, cleanliness, comfort, cookery, and curing are desired or appreciated. The ideal of a housewife, in the days when the word meant a matron, and not a thing for her pocket, will be reproduced with all the latest improvements in any female who will thoroughly master this little book. Her house itself, her furniture, cleaning, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, lighting fires and keeping them up, the grand mysteries of the kitchen, the administration of the sheet-box, and the wardrobes; the management of the bee, the cow, the pig, and the chickens; the general treatment of sick children and others; and the science of domestic remedies, are all set out unto her in clear and excellent fashion. No young lady, under an heirress (and even "the poor rich wretch") would be none the worse for reading the book) should be held as qualified to marry, unless she could pass an examination in "Tegetmeier."

Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club. Vol. III. Part 4. (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dodsworth.) The naturalists are hard-pressing the musical amateurs, the geologists, archaeologists, ecclesiologists, and all the other "ologists," in the formation of clubs or associations for the promotion of their peculiar science; and as the formation of the clubs naturally brings the printing-press into play, papers and essays contributed by the members now issue pretty plentifully, occasionally dignified by the name of "Transactions." The Tyneside gentlemen are well into their third volume, which presents us with a carefully prepared catalogue of the Lepidoptera of the neighbourhood, some interesting geological notes on the Permian system of the same district, some similar notes on fossils in that system, and a notice of some "insects added to our Fauna during 1856," in the course of which the author humorously remarks, "One of these will not, I fear, be regarded as an acquisition or looked on with much favour; for, belonging to a tribe of insects whose irritating punctures are familiar to all, I can scarcely hope our members [will] hail with pleasure the addition to our local Fauna of a flea at least ten times the bulk of the common species, although it comes under their notice with the high-sounding title of Emperor."

RECEIVED:—"Instauration, a Poem. By R. S. R. (Partridge & Co.).—"La Gran Semiramis," Tragedia del Capitan Cristoval de Virues. Excita A.D. 1579. (Williams & Norgate).—"The Atlantic Telegraph—the Rise, Progress, and Development of its Electrical Department." By E. O. W. Whitehouse. (Bradbury & Evans).—"The New El Dorado, or British Columbia." By Kinahan Cornwallis. (T. C. Newby).—"Liber Famelicus of Sir James Whitelocke." (Printed for the Camden Society.)

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OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

ANYTHING which has reference to the name of Ben Jonson will be read with interest. Under this impression we have collected from "Our State Paper Office," a few incidental notices, not only curious in themselves as illustrating the strange tastes and the peculiar manners of his time, but more especially interesting, as relating to a man in whom Englishmen ought to feel so much pride, and in the perusal of whose writings all scholars have ever felt the greatest pleasure and delight. Of George Wither, too, we find some particulars: he speaks of his friend Michael Drayton; and the allusions to "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," the tragedy of "Barnevelt," and the death of Burbage, the great actor, will arrest attention. There is an original letter written by Ben Jonson to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and dated 8 November 1605, [printed in the *Athenæum* review of the "State Paper Calendars" in August, 1857,] which connects him with the Gunpowder Plot, a fact not even previously surmised by any of his biographers, and that, too, in a character unhappily not very creditable. We are told that he had been a Roman Catholic, and was known in their secret societies. When it is added, that in this letter he offers to betray those who were concerned in the Plot, "all being either removed or concealed," we must admit that "Rare Ben Jonson" does not make a very respectable appearance in the history of that horrible conspiracy. But let us pass on. Ten years have elapsed. He had written new tragedies and delighted his countrymen with his comedy of the "Alchemist." He had visited Paris, and found fault with Cardinal Perron's translation of Virgil. He had quarrelled with Inigo Jones, and made him the subject of ridicule in a comedy called "Bartholomew Fair." Let us see what is the first mention we find of him in our State Papers. He dresses up a set of characters, presents them before the king as "Hamburgians, with great bellying doublets, all drunk," and "puts language into their mouths for merriment." This merriment, seems, however, to have given umbrage to the Dutch ambassador, Sir Noel Caron, and, hard to believe, it is recorded that he took it so ill that he "hath been with the Lords [of the Council]

to complain of it!" But here is the account as George Gerard wrote it, on the 14th June, 1616, to Sir Dudley Carleton, at that time ambassador at the Hague:—

The King was invited by Alderman Cockin and the new Company of Merchant Venturers to a Dinner in London. They made a great feast, gave him a present of 1000l. in a Basin and Eure of Gold; w^{ch}, because it wanted high 300 of that value in weight, they made it up with 20^{peeces}. To the Prince also a present. And for the King's better contentment, they presented Dyers, Weavers wth theyre shiles, and cloth dressers; speaking by way of interlude to grace themselves and theyre industry; after thys was presented certayne Hamburgians, wth great bellying Doublets, all druncke, w^{ch} spake such language as Ben Jonson putt into theyre mouths, only for merriment; but thys they say is taken so ill, that the L^d Embassador here, Sr^t Nowell Carone, hath bin wth the L^d to complayne of yt.

We must admit that the dessert provided by Alderman Cockayne for King James I. was of a very substantial description. It was well for the King to dine with a new company in those days.

A year later, Gerard in a letter to Carleton, dated 4th June, 1617, makes another mention of Ben Jonson. Among such news as the following:—

The Erle of Buckingham was sworne a Counsellor of Scotland as sone as the King came thither, holds hys place, and keeps hys table, it hath bin sayd he shall be a Marques of Scotland. Our Organs, and church service, and musike, receav'd with much applause in Scotland, in so much that 200 of our church service Books are sent for thither. Dr. Layfield dead. Toby Matthew hath leave to returne into England, procured at Yorke by the favorite, at the sollicitation of hys Mother. The L^d Brackley hath now at length hys Patent for hys Erldome of Bridgewater signed.

Gerard says that—

Benjamin Jonson is going of a journey to Edenborough on foote, and backe agayne for hys profit.

It is related that he made this journey on foot to Scotland, where he had many friends; that he was well received by the Scottish gentry, and was so pleased with the country that he meditated a poem or drama on the beauties of Lochlomond.

On Twelfth-night, 1618, Ben Jonson's masque, called "The Vision of Delight," was first presented at Court, "it being the Prince his first Masque." This fact clearly assigns 1618 as the correct year of its first performance. Nathaniel Brent writes on the 10th January, 1618, to Carleton:—

The Maske on 12th night is not comended of any. Y^e poet is growen so dyl^y hys devise is not worth y^e relating, much lesse y^e coping out. Dyvers thinke fit he should returne to his old trade of bricklaying agayne. The actors were y^e Prince, Marquis Buck, and Marquis Hamilton, y^e Earle of Montgomery, two of y^e L^d Treasurer's sons and others *minorum gentium* to make them twelve. The Qu. hath so absolutely kept in at this Christmas y^e she was not present at it though she were at Whitehall. The K. went on Thursday in y^e afternoon very late from hence towards Newmarket where he meaneth to reside, by the way of Theobalds and Roiston. His returne will be at Shrovetide when y^e maske might be shewed agayne. The Queen returneth very shortly to Somerset house, and y^e Prince continueth at St. James.

It will be remembered that his father died before the poet's birth; his mother marrying again to a bricklayer, Ben was brought from Westminster school and put to the same employment.

Brent also alludes to a singular project King James had formed to lessen his household expenses:—

The retrenchement of y^e tables at court hath afforded much matter of speech this Christmas. For y^e K. was peremptorie to save a great many thousands yearly by cutting of from every table every third dish, but that project hath found adversaries enough to overthrow it.

Hear also what Sir Gerard Herbert says, in a letter to Carleton, dated the 12th January, 1618.

On Twelfth night was the Princes Maske, the Prince himself beyng one, the others the Marquis Buckingham, the Marquis Hamilton, the Earle Montgomerie, my Lord Walden, Sir Charles Howard, Sir Gilbert Hawton, Mr. Hodge Palmer, Mr. Mootey, Mr. Aber Cromy, gentlemen of the Princes and excellent dancers. The Maskers beynge suted wth silver lace for the most parte and the Prince (& the rest also) performinge very well the dances. The Queene not beyng well to be present at it, and beyng the Prince his first maske & desirous both to see him therein & grace him; the maske therefore is to be on Shroffunday night. And albeit all the chiefe nightes playes were the Christmas at Court the Queene came not to any, so that she was not sene any tyme of the Christmasse abroads, she not beyng well.

Sir Gerard also tells us that Twelfth-night was always a gaming night at Court. On this occa-

sion the Marquis Hamilton won 400*l.*, and my Lord of Dorset near 600*l.*, in the King's chamber. Thomas Locke, who was keeper of the council chest, in a letter to Carleton from York House, of the 10th January, says, "The masque w^{ch} we had on Twelfth-night, wherein the Prince was one, yo^r L. will perceive the conceit, by perusing this little booke. I must tell yo^r L. it came far short the expectation in regard some extraordinary device was looked for (it being the Prince his first masque) and a poorer was never seene." Chamberlain also describes a "great feast," given by the Marquis of Buckingham to the King and Prince at a cost of 600*l.*, which Sir Thomas Edmondes, who had been ambassador in France, managed after the French fashion. His daughter "bore away the bell for delicate dancing" at Ben Jonson's masque on Twelfth-night, "though remarkable for nothing else but for multitude of jewels, wherewith she was hanged as it were all over." In speaking of this masque he says, "there was nothing in it extraordinary, but rather the invention proved dull."

It is somewhat remarkable that all Carleton's correspondents should have concurred in opinion that it was poor and dull, that there was nothing extraordinary in it, and that it was not commended of any. Gifford says, "This masque [The Vision of Delight] is one of the most beautiful of Jonson's little pieces, light, airy, harmonious and poetical in no common degree. It stands without a parallel among performances of this kind."

On the 27th of October, 1621, Chamberlain writes to Carleton, "Here is likewise a ballet or song of Ben Jonson's in the play or shew at the Lord Marquis [Buckingham] at Burly, and repeated again at Windsor [for the third time], for w^{ch} and other good service there done, he hath his pension from a 100 marks increased to 200*l.* per annum, besides the reversion of the Mastership of the revels. There were other songs and devices of *baser alay*, but because this had the vogue and generally applause at Court, I was willing to send yt." The Masque here alluded to was called "The Metamorphosed Gipsies." There is in the State Paper Office a portion of this Masque in the handwriting of Sir Henry Goodere, who informs us that the *Captain* was represented by the Marquis of Buckingham; the *Second Gipsy*, by Mr. [Endymion] Porter; the *Third Gipsy*, by Lord Fielding. On the 5th of October following, Ben Jonson had a "Grant in reversion of the office of Master of the Revels for life." As an illustration of the manner in which almost every office was granted in reversion we find under the date of the 29th of July, 1622, a "Grant to Wm. Painter, of the reversion of the Office of Master of the Revels, after Ben Jonson, who now holds the reversion after Sir Geo. Buch and Sir John Ashley."

On the 17th of November, 1621, Chamberlain says, "We are like to have our new Dean Dr. Dun [Donne] at Paules; so, as a pleasant companion saide, that yf Ben Jonson might be made Deane of Westminster, that place, Paules, and Christchurch [Dr. Corbet was Dean of Christchurch] shold be furnished with three very pleasant poetical deanes."

The next mention we find of Ben Jonson has reference to a very interesting subject, John Barclay's famous political allegory of "Argenis." It was first printed in Paris in 1621. On the 30th of March, 1622, Chamberlain writes to Carleton: "I borrowed Barlaeis Argenis (a booke somewhat rare yet and hard to come by). I was so taken and carried away wth yt that I could not geve over (as indeed yt is the most delightfull fable that ever I met wth). It is said that the perusal of this work was the chief delight of Cardinal Richelieu."

Carleton seems to have been unsuccessful in his endeavours to procure a copy, for on the 11th of May, Chamberlain, in another letter to him, says:—

I am sorry you cannot meet wth Barclaies Argenis, w^{ch} indeed are somewhat rare here being printed at Paris, and risen from five shillings they were sold at first to fourteen, but I have taken order to have one, yf there were any to be had at Franckford mart. I heare the King hath geven order to Ben Johnson to translate yt,

and that yt is in good forwardnes; but I am deceived yf he can reach the language in the original, or expresse himself in that manner, whatsoever he doth in the matter: besides there be many covert names shadowed sometimes in anagrams and sometimes otherwise, wherein I had the fortune to discifer three or foure by mere chance, though I be nothing good at riddles, nor love not to trouble myself about that is hard to finde."

We do not find this translation included among Ben Jonson's works, and are unable to discover whether he ever completed it. We think not; at all events if he did, his translation was never printed. Barclay's "Argenis," as our readers are aware was translated by Kingsmill Long, in 1625, fol., and again, by the King's Commands, by Sir Robert Le Grys, in 1628, 4to. It would be curious to ascertain why King Charles I. commanded Le Grys to translate this work when it had been already done by Long three years before. The following letter written by Captain Le Grys is on this subject:—

Captain Robert Le Grys to the Lord Chamberlain, Dutchy House, this Mardy Gras.

[26 Feb. 1628.]

My dear Honored Lord,—Your Lo^r that hath been pleased to engage me by his Ma^{ty}'s command to the printing of my translation of Argenis will I hope lend your noble hand to the enabling me for obeying that injunction. I am ready for the presse, and one of the Stationers' Company, Mr. Mayne, hath undertaken for the more expedition to set two presses or more to worke it at once, so as it may be ready by Easter at the farthest. But because it is not permitted to any to put in prynte, wthout eyther commande or at least lyncence, he desyres that your Lo^r will knowe of his Ma^{ty}, if it be his pleasure it shall be printed, and signyfy so much by your Lo^r's letter tot he Mr. and Wardens of the Stationers' Company. And for that this is his trade by w^{ch} himselfe and his family ar mayntaynd: he supposing the booke will be more vendible if those that have a mynde to reade the verses may finde them in it (though I beleve there will be scarce one in fifty of that humour), desyreth also that his Ma^{ty} will command him to insert the verses w^{ch} are joynd wth the translation already published, and were rendred in English by Mr. Thomas May and not by him that did set out the booke. This if his Ma^{ty} doth approve of, and your Lo^r in his name shall commaund: his Ma^{ty} shall be in this as in all things else by me obeyed: and your Lo^r wth a fewe verses he presented wth of them, though I much rather would have wished your Lo^r myght have bene served wth a manuscript from

Your noble Lo^r

humbly devoted servant,

To my ever most Honored Lord Ro. LE GRYS.
The Earle of Montgomery,
Lord Chamberlayne to his Ma^{ty}
at the Court at Newmarket.

Here is the King's licence, signed by the Secretary, Lord Conway, for printing Le Grys' translation.

Whereas Captaine Robert Le Gris hath by his Ma^{ty}'s commaundment translated into English Barclaies Argenis, and putt the same in such readines for the presse that there onely wants licencing for proceeding in it. His Ma^{ty} hath commaunded me to signyfy unto yo^r his pleasure and leave, That the said translation should be printed by yo^r or any of yo^r of whom the s^d Capt. Le Gris shall make choice. And that the verses joynd wth the translation already published, being translated by Mr. Thomas May, should be inserted in the present Translation. For which this shalbe yo^r warrant. Dated at Newmarket the 28th of Februarie, 1627.

COWWAY.

To my loving friends
the Maister, Wardens, & Company
of Stationers of the City of London.

A gentleman of Queen Henrietta Maria's Household, writing on 16 October, 1625, to a friend in France, detailing the various mortifications and humiliations said to be practised in her House, adds, "Besides the Queenes confessor and other priests will not endure that shee or they should read Barclaies Argenis, Amadis de Gaule, or any such like bookes, but only St. Katherine's life, St. Brigettes prophecy, or other such like holy tales of that stile, and often talke of devils and their apparitions to some of their owne freinds even at the Queenes table; yea to make the good Princesse apprehende them soe much that when shee danceth, which she doth most graciously, that (as I have heard one say) there is a devil at her heale." The translation here alluded to must have been by Kingsmill Long.

On the 19th March, 1619, Chamberlain says "The Queenes funeral is put of till the 29th of the next moneth, to the greate hinderance of our players w^{ch} are forbidden to play so long as her body is above ground; one speciall man among them, Burbage, is lately dead, and hath left they say better than 300*l.*—land." The death of this great actor, most probably therefore took place in the early part of March, 1619.

We now come to some particulars respecting Barneveldt and the tragedy founded upon the life and death of this most illustrious Dutch statesman, John d'Olden Barneveldt, rendered signal services to his country in different employments and embassies. He endeavoured to set a limit to the authority of Maurice, Prince of Orange; was in consequence accused of a design to betray Holland to the King of Spain, and executed early in the year 1619. On the 31st May, Chamberlain writes that "divers of good judgment thinke he had hard measure, considering that no cleare matter of conspiracie wth the enemies of the state appeares or can be proved:" he adds, that it seems a matter of faction and opposition rather than infidelity and treachery, "w^{ch} though perhaps in England might be found treasonable or wthin that compasse, yet in a new upstart commonweith that hath so long contended and stands so much upon libertie, they were not to proceed wth such rigour against a man of his yeares and service." Barneveldt's execution was universally condemned and deplored in England; the tragedy of that name was written so on afterwards, but Locke, in a letter to Carleton [14 August, 1619], says, "The players heere were bringing of Barneveldt upon the stage, and had bestowed a great deale of money to prepare all things for the purpose, but at th^e instant were prohibited by my Lo. of London." However Locke, in another letter on the 27th August, informs Carleton that "Our players fownd the meanes to goe through wth the play of Barneveldt, and it hath had many spectators and received applause, yet some say that (according to the proverbe) the divill is not so black as he is painted, and that Barnavelt should perswade Ledenberg to make away himself (when he came to see him after he was prisoner) to prevent the discoverie of the plott, and to tell him that when they were both dead (as though he meant to do the like), they might sift it out of their ashes, was thought to be a point strayed. When Barneveldt understood of Ledenberg's death he comforted himself, w^{ch} before he refused to do, but when he perceaveth himself to be arested then he hath no remedie, but wth all speed biddeth his wife send to the Fr. Amb^r. w^{ch} she did, and he spake for him," &c.

Our next paper is the examination of George Wither, respecting his book called "Wither's Motto." A poet well known to the readers of old English poetry, revived of late by the taste of Sir Egerton Brydges and others. A most voluminous author, who composed some of his happiest strains in prison, "The Shepherd's Hunting" included.

The Examination of George Wither, taken the 27th of June, 1621, at Whithall.

He confesseth that the booke entituled Wither's Motto is of his making, and that he made it about Christmas last.

He sayth that since that time he shewed it to Mr. Tavernor, and desired his warrant for the printing, which he refused. And that afterwards this examinant, bringing the sayd booke unto a Stationer's shopp, called Grismond (Mariott being present), and there reading some part of it, they desired to buy it, that they might print it, to which he consented, but told the Stationers that Mr. Tavernor had denied his licence to print before. He sayth that they gave him five peeces for the copy. That the booke was printed about five or six weeks since. Being asked whether he acquainted any of his freinds with the copy before the printing, he answereth that he did acquaint divers of his freinds with it, as namly Mr. [Michael] Drayton, and some others whose names he remembereth not. Being put in mind of his Ma^{ty}'s proclamation published before the parliament, restraining licentious speaking or wrighting in matters concerning state or government, he sayth that he did not read the Proclamation, neither doth he thinke there is anything in his booke that toucheth the state or government.

Being told of a passadg in his booke wherein he sayth that he had seen the downfall of those that were his enemies, or words to that purpose, and

being asked whom he meant by those words, he sayth he meant the late Earle of Northampton.
GEORGE WITHER.

John Grismond, the stationer; Nicholas Oakes, the printer; John Marriott, and others, were also examined concerning this book. Marriott says that Wither's Motto was not called in question until the first impression was sold, and the second preparing, which Mr. Tavernor, licensed, after striking out certain passages; that he was brought before the Archbishop of Canterbury and fined 10*l*. Grismond says that he thinks Wither's Motto was only questioned because printed without licence from the Stationers' Company; that after their fining Marriott, Nich. Oakes printed and sold 6000 copies more; that the Stationers' Company will support him in so doing. Oakes says that he printed Wither's Motto from a printed copy, not knowing it was unlicensed; that he bought the title-page ready printed with Marriott's name on it, and used it without his consent; that he had printed it before he knew of its being questioned in Stationers' Hall; that he was fined when Marriott was, and does not know who bought the books. Grismond was examined a second time. He said that he sold many copies to Lounds, Warden of the Stationers' Company, who daily sent for them after he had accused and fined him and Marriott for printing them.

It is said that about 30,000 copies of Wither's Motto were imprinted and published within a few months. [See Brit. Bibliog. Vol. i., p. 188, ed. 1810.]

On the 27th February, 1623, was issued a proclamation, granting Letters Patent to George Wither for the sole printing of his book entitled "Hymns and Songs of the Church," his Majesty having taken special notice of the book, and conceiving it to tend to the glory of God and the increase of Christian knowledge. Also prohibiting the binding up of any psalm book in metre without a copy of the said work annexed, with a list of the twelve sizes in which the work is published.

On the 30th April, 1619, the Marquis de Tremouille, Ambassador Extraordinary from France, was conducted to London by the Earl of Essex. He took up his lodgings in Sir Thomas Smith's house; his train consisted of one hundred and twenty persons. On the 3rd of May, the Marquis of Buckingham, by the King's commands, took him to Court, accompanied with more than forty coaches, and "made him a great dinner there." The same day he had audience "nothing was remarkable but his transcendent courtesy, for he would not put on his hat by any persuasion, because y^e Prince stood bare, w^{ch} he was to do in the presence of his father; so that at last y^e K. was constrained to send him away." On the 31st May, 1619, Chamberlain says,—"The Marquis of Trimell went hence in Whitson-week, and the Duke of Lennox, that made him a supper at Whitehall of 400*l*., w^{ch} would have cost another the double, but that he is Lord Steward." But let us read Sir Gerard Herbert's very interesting account:—

Sir Gerard Herbert to Sir Dudley Carleton.

24th May, 1619.

The Marquis de Tremouille on Thursday last took leave of the King: that night was feasted at White hall by the Duke of Lennox in the Queen's greate chamber, where many great Lordes were to keepe their company, but no ladies. The Savoy Ambassadour was also there. The English Lordes was the Marquis Buckingham, my Lord Privy Seale, my Lord of Lenox, my Lord of Oxford, my Lord Chamberlayne, my L. Hamillon, my Lord Arundell, my Lord of Leycester, my Lord Cary, my Lord Digby, Mr. Treasurer, Mr. Secretary Calvert, my Lord Beauchamp, and my Lord General; the rest English Gallants, and all mixed with the French alonge the table, the Marquis Tremell sittinge alone at the table's end. At the right hande, the Savoy Ambassadour, by him the Marquis Buckingham, then a French Comte, &c., mixt; on his left hand my Lord Privy Seale, the Earle of Oxford, a French Marquis, my Lord Chamberlayne, and so forth, mixed wth French and English. The supper was greate, and the banquet curious, served in 24 greate chynay worcke platters or vorders full of glass scales or bowles of sweete meates; in the midst of each vorder a greene tree of eyther lemon, orange, cipers [sic], or other resemblinge. After supper they were carried to the Queen's prvy chamber, where French singinge was by the Queen's musitians; after in the Queen's bedd chamber they heard the Irish harpp, a violl, and Mr. Laneyr, excellently singinge and playinge on the lute. In the King's greate chamber they went to see the play of

Pierrot, Prince of Tyre, w^{ch} lasted till 2 a clocke. After 2 actes the players ceased till the French all refreshed them wth sweetmeats brought on Chynay vorders, and wyne and ale in botells, after the players began anewe. The Ambassadour parted next morninge for France at 8 a clocke, full well pleased, beyng feasted also at Tibbales, and exceeding graciously used of the Kinge, who, at takinge leave gave him a very rich chayne of diamondes, w^{ch} a wach donne aboute wth diamondes, and wherein the King's effigie was very excellently donne.

Yo^r Lo. assuredly to commande,

GERR. HERBERT.

To the right Honourable
Sir Dudley Carleton, Knight,
Lord Ambassadour for his Ma^{ty}
at y^e Hague.

The performance of "*Pierrot, Prince of Tyre*," before such an audience, is a curious evidence of the difference between the taste of that day and of our own. Nor is the mention of that play without some interest of another kind. Shakespeare's play, if it be Shakespeare's, was first produced in 1608, and was published in quarto in the following year. Another quarto edition bears date in 1611. A third, published in 1619, is very likely to have owed its appearance to the reproduction of the play at Court on the occasion mentioned in the preceding letter.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 22.

I HAVE just laid my hand upon a perfect treasure; a little gem; just one of those pretty curiosities that amateurs delight in with an intensity of enjoyment quite unsuspected by the profane. Imagine to yourself a *vee* book (if book it can be denominated), about five or six inches square, containing only just thirty-three pages, each page being of only a dozen lines coquettishly framed in wide white margins, and bordered by one small streak of red. Thirty copies only of this pretty little doll-book have been printed, and I have been lucky enough to receive one. "*Doll Book*" is indeed the appropriate word. It is no other than a treatise on *La Mode* by Théophile Gautier. As you may conceive there is not a word too much in this plaything of a publication, but everything in it is exquisite. In its quintessence of elegance it reminds me of the story told of the present King of Naples by those who are nearest to him and ought best to know. His Majesty, as all the world is aware, is (or was, for his excessive devotion may have modified him on this point) one of the greatest gourmands in the whole world. At one time, not many years ago, he invented a particular kind of *consommé* for his own particular enjoyment, the mode of making which was as follows: You took a round of beef, into which you introduced a round of veal, which in its turn served as the envelope to a turkey, whilst inside the turkey lay a fowl, inside the fowl, a pheasant, then a partridge, then a woodcock, then an ortolan, and last of all, what think you? why, last of all, just filling up the almost impossibly small space—an anchovy! Here lay the great art, and a certain famous cook named Beppo was the individual whose special business it was to send up to the king once a day, the phenomenal tea-cupfull of gravy produced, as the above-mentioned cook of cooks used to observe: "by an anchovy encased in an Ox!"

Well, I say again Théophile Gautier's marvellous little bookling is like nothing in my mind so much as this cup of *consommé* of Ferdinand II. All the crinolines and cages, all the flounces and furbelows, and all the thousands and thousands of yards of ribbon that French women now-a-days absorb upon their exterior garments appear to me to have been stewed down ("*réduits*" as they term it here), till from their long and scientific decoction there has been only left this one wee thirty-three paged chronicle of all elegance and fashion. If the task M. Gautier has set to himself has most perfectly succeeded, it must also be remarked that there never was a more difficult one undertaken. When the whole world is running a-muck against petticoats, when the "lords of the creation" throughout France are declaiming and swearing on every point of the territory against crinoline, it would have been a

popular thing to have swelled the cry, and added a voice the more; and one that knows well how to make itself listened to, to the chorus of clamours. For this reason Théophile Gautier has judged fitting to do the exact reverse; and his thirty-three pages are occupied in defending not only the whalebone and steel edifices in which ladies of the present times "wedge themselves in," but, far more daring an enterprise—in advocating the small artifices and "cunning devices" whereby they dissimulate on their fair faces the defects or omissions of Nature, or simulate that which general taste pronounces to be a beauty. Yes—only conceive the nerve that is requisite for such a deed! M. Gautier raises his voice in favour of paint! And what he says is said so prettily that in good sooth one is inclined after reading it to look more leniently on the artificial "roses and lilies" of the cheeks around one, and on the dark-tinted eyebrows and shaded under-eyelid. This is a point of taste, and has to be discussed; but the *motives* of the little treatise lying before me is a more serious one, and touches upon that delicate line of intersection where fashion influences art, and therefore is of consequence to others than to the fair or "fine" ladies, whose sole occupation is the adornment of their pretty persons. Théophile Gautier is struck—as must be in our time all those who reflect upon what I must, without dreading to be thought too pedantic, style the "Philosophy of Art,"—he is much struck by the absurd way in which an entire school of would-be great artists go about inveighing against whatever is modern, and hopelessly invoking the "antique" upon every possible occasion. A couple of years back, Eugène Delacroix, the celebrated painter, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a most charming and spirited article upon the "Variations of the Beautiful," in which he established what must appear convincing to any one who takes the trouble to think rationally upon the matter for half an hour—namely, that the art of all kinds of the ancients was the "absolutely beautiful" for them, because for them it was the "absolutely true," and reflected their civilisation. Euripides and Phidias were simply the agents whereby the Greek idea of beauty was manifested in sculpture and in poetry, and their creations are so perfectly admirable to us at the end of all the ages that lie between their epoch and ours, because they were so perfectly natural to them. This is what the silly criers-out about "the antique" will not understand; and the nonsense they talk upon the subject is beginning to exasperate rational men, and real lovers of art, on this as on your side of the Channel.

"The study of the human form," exclaims Théophile Gautier, "barely hidden or guessed at through the flowing draperies that so harmoniously accompany it, was the necessary occupation of the classic age. It was *natural* it should be so in the divine climate of Greece in the youth of the human race, when poetry and the arts blossomed forth as the flowers of a sort of intellectual spring. We owe to this study all the masters of that age—Phidias, Lysippus, Cleomenes, Zenxis, Apelles—but that age is past. The mere human form now is simply a convention, in modern art; from the days of the earliest painters till our own, the *attire* of man is man's *visible outward form*."

I think you will agree with me that no time is wasted in inculcating these doctrines upon the mistaken æsthetics of our era—mistaken chiefly on account of incapacity to deal with the work that, on all hands and in all shapes, lies before them. When Italy had Michael Angelos, Leonardos, Raphaels, and Titians; Spain, Murillos and Velasquez; Holland, Rubenses, Van Dycks, and Rembrandts; there was but very little clamouring after the exclusive beauty of "the antique," because the men of the time were of *their time*, and had power enough to force the contemporary notion of the beautiful to yield up all its secrets. This hankering after a bygone and (to us) unnatural ideal is nothing else than a proof of weakness, and it is only showing itself very promi-

neatly in this country within the last eight or ten years. The *Romantiques* pursued its eradication from the artistic soil with what was scarcely short of frenzy; only they unluckily fell into exaggerations, which of their kind were as bad and as widely divergent from the true as were the exaggerations of the *Classiques*. They merely took their ideal from a nearer time. Whilst the *Classiques* were devoted to Agamemnon or Romulus, and could see no beauty apart from the beauty of Helen or Antinous, and no grace save in Alcibiades, the *Romantiques* pinned their faith upon the heroes of the middle ages, rejoiced in the clash and clatter of armour and of "Toledo blades," and thought Calderon and the old German *Ritter Romances* incomparably finer than Homer. The odd part of the business was, that their cleverest men could not see that they were as rococo, as false, as unnatural as the others, and that Achilles was not one whit more "used up," a hero to us of the present age of railroads and telegraphs, of daguerrotypes and reaping machines, than was Siegfried of the *Nibelungen* or the sable-souled gentleman in doublet and trunk hose who in the Spanish drama causes his frail moiety to be led to death, and feels thereat quite comfortable and as a man should who has done his duty. When will all these masqueraders in Art feel that the passion of the hour alone is the passion those around them sympathise with? With what lies behind my period of being, let it date from the siege of Troy, or only from the days of Henry VIII., I have no feeling in common—I do not know what it means, it does not come home to me. To move me, you must show me what I feel in circumstances that may to-morrow possibly occur. *Othello's* jealousy is yours, mine, and his who crossed our path in the street an hour ago—because it is the jealousy of man, the eternal type; whereas the jealousy of some Egyptian Pasha, whose favourite slave is proved to be unfaithful, does not come within the scope of our verifications. We may find a delineation of it interesting up to a certain degree; but it does not represent and realise under a tangible form what is in our own hearts. And thus with all Art. "Sculptors and painters," says Théophile Gautier, "fall into one perpetual complaint of a state of things which they pretend it would be desirable should be modified. They say, forsooth! that it is the modern costume which prevents them from producing masterpieces in Art! And if you would believe them, it is entirely the fault of crinoline and black trowsers, and paletots and flounced gowns, that there are not at this present hour so many Titians, and Rubenses, and Vandycks! How they deplore and bewail the fact that the dandies of our day cannot be brought into wearing caps with red feathers! How they entertain you with their longings for the smooth flow of a bright-coloured cloak! * * Do they ever think of what Rembrandt, if he could arise from the grave, would make of a gentleman of the nineteenth century in a plain coat? Fancy the immortal Dutchman set to work at such a task, see how he would flood the brow with light, just leading it down across one cheek, and shrouding the other in the deep warmth of his well-known shade; see what solidity of darkness would wrap the figure round where the cloth of the raiment must be portrayed, and what dazzling whiteness would mark out the linen folds of the shirt. I'll answer for it, under Rembrandt's brush, you would find the most insignificant Parisian as comely as any of the Dutch burgo-meisters you fall into fits of conventional admiration before!"

This extract may serve to show you what the serious aim of the little book is I am alluding to; the conclusion naturally is, that it is not the more artistic outline, but the artists that are wanting. Find the Titians and Rembrandts, and the clothes we are cased in may do well enough. There is M. Gautier's theme, and I am inclined to believe he is right. But you will ask, how does he defend the "face-painting," to which Parisian ladies of the actual time are as much addicted as those of the Sandwich Islands to

tattooing? This is somewhat more paradoxical, and I will let you appreciate the author's own arguments.

"With the instinct of harmony which characterises them, women," observes Théophile Gautier, "have felt that between their dazzling conventional dress, between *la grand toilette* and their own plain beauty of face or feature (unassisted), there was a dissonance, the whitest skin looking greyish by the side of their shining *moires* and satins; they have done as painters do in order to harmonise the various shades of complexion and draperies; they have undertaken to whiten the skin nature gave them till it should be in keeping with the masses of rich white stuffs whereby they enshroud their persons." When once this necessity of applying white to the female skin has been admitted, the rest follows: the white is too white, a tinge of rose colour on the cheeks relieves it, and a delicate streak of black under the eye-lashes gives brilliancy to the eye; and so, and so—*de fil en aiguille*, as the French say—you are brought to the apology of paint. This, as I said, is the paradoxical portion of the treatise, and you may disagree from the author thereupon as much as you think fit. But the object of the publication is what I have shown you above, and that far it is eminently rational, and would, if spread about in the public, do a certain portion of undeniable good. For this reason I have spoken of it to you at such length, and also because the wee book itself is not to be had, and counts, as I said, only thirty copies. Take it all in all, and in spite of its paradoxes, it is a most perfect little gem. The following sentence might be advantageously printed in large letters over the studios of nine out of ten of all modern artists: "There are no creators in art now-a-days who are of *their own time*; those who seem to be so are rooted in far distant epochs. Antiquity, ill-appreciated, prevents them from feeling the present. They have a false pre-conception of the beautiful, and the ideal that is *ours* is to them a sealed letter."

Paris, Wednesday.

What the French call a "great literary event" has occurred here. A translation by M. Jules Lacroix of Sophocles' *Edipus, King of Thebes*, has just been produced at the Théâtre Français with musical choruses. I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it, but it appears to have succeeded. Success to be sure was a matter of course; for, in the first place, nothing of any literary pretension fails now-a-days, and in the next, the Parisians, with that exquisite modesty for which they are pre-eminently distinguished, call themselves the modern Athenians, and therefore feel bound to pretend to be capable of appreciating a translation from the Greek, and to applaud what they have heard the old Athenians applauded. The "Monday critics," as the men who "do" the theatricals in the daily newspapers are called, have all the week long been engaged in "cramming" from biographical dictionaries, and works on the drama, and translations of the seven tragedies of Sophocles and histories of Athens, and poor old M. Patin's *Etudes sur les Tragiques Grecs*, all that can be crammed about the poet, and they will serve it up to the public on Monday morning next, with as much confidence as if it were entirely new, mixed, of course with a good deal of presumptuous balderdash of their own. But, to suppose that a Parisian public, or Parisian critics can, like so many Aristotles, honestly and sincerely admire Sophocles, would be absurd. A melodrama, full of monstrous crimes and extravagant impossibilities, and acted with cant and roar, or what is called a "women's piece," that is, a piece in which the greatest number of pretty females that can be collected, are made to figure with the fewest possible garments the police will tolerate, pleases them infinitely more than the chaste and elegant productions of the chastest writer for the Athenian stage.

A singular specimen of the "literary manners" of this "great metropolis" has been presented to a wondering public this week. Roger de Beau-

voir, who has gained some notoriety as a fifth or sixth-rate light *littérateur*, dramatist, and theatrical critic, has, as all Paris knows, long been separated from, and had fearful quarrels with, his wife, who was formerly an admired actress of the Théâtre Français, under her maiden name of Doze. In the course of June last he wanted her to consent to a reduction in the annual allowance he is obliged to make her, and to give up to him their children. And so what did he do? Knowing that she is by no means of a yielding disposition, he resolved to try to influence her through her mother; and to do that he thought it well to put the mother into a tremendous fright. So he went to the house in which mother and daughter live, at a time he knew the latter was absent, and after storming like a madman until he drew the neighbours to the windows,—he announced that a tall gawky fellow who accompanied him was the Secretary-General of the Prefecture of Police. The gawky fellow on his part confirmed the announcement, and to convince the lady of the truth of it, he gravely recorded in a note book that a gentleman who happened to be present had admitted that he entertained republican opinions,—opinions for which many a poor urchin had been exiled to Cayenne or Lambessa. "The police!" is a phrase which means something very different in Paris to what it does in London—and no one, be he who he may, can, under the present *régime*, see without quaking a member of this mysterious and omniscent fraternity cross his threshold. So of course poor Madame Doze, having before her the most important and most dreaded of the whole gang,—the man who had but a word to say to cast her and hers into exile and ruin,—was stricken with mortal terror, and consented to do all that her son-in-law requested. Some weeks later she and her daughter happened to be at a theatre, and she saw in a box the dreaded Secretary-General of the Police. "There is he,—the awful man!" said she. "Nonsense, mother,—it is Bache the comedian." "Daughter," returned the matron, trembling, "it is he, I tell you!" "And I say that it is Bache the actor,—I have played on the same stage with him!" And Bache it was,—he had, at Roger de Beauvoir's request played the part of Police Secretary! In England such an exploit would have been regarded as a piece of silly impertinence, and nothing more; in France it is a grave offence for a man to call himself a public functionary when he is not one. So, on Saturday last, Bache and Roger de Beauvoir were taken up in custody to the Tribunal of Correctional Police—Bache to answer the charge of having "usurped public functions," De Beauvoir that of having excited him so to do. Bache at first tried to be funny, and indulged in some buffoonery; but the presiding judge sternly told him he was not in a theatre, and that buffoonery would not be tolerated; and thereupon the man drivelled about his "wife and four children." Roger de Beauvoir denied that he had excited Bache to "usurp public functions," or that that person had done so; but the judge told him plainly that he said the thing which was not. Both were declared guilty, and the sentence was—three months imprisonment to Bache—a year to Roger de Beauvoir. Is not this case really what I have described it—a curious example of Parisian *mœurs littéraires*? It may be doubted that in any other country anything of the kind could have occurred. There is, in fact, something peculiarly French in a husband at war with his wife, trying to intimidate her by making her believe that he has influence with the secret police,—there is something peculiarly French in his getting a low-comedy actor to personate the mysterious police,—and there is something very French in sending the two men to gaol for their pains. The Paris papers say that the affair is like a scene from *Gil Blas*, and they say truly. But it is not creditable to the literary calling.

The government seems to have a great spite against the English newspaper press just now. Not long since it made one of its weekly organs publish an article entitled "Decline

of the *Times*," and asserting that that journal had nearly lost all its power over the English public, had seen the number of its subscribers fall off more than one-half, and had been obliged to reduce the salaries of the gentlemen of its staff. This article was copied into, and commented on, and exaggerated by other government organs; and to day the *Constitutionnel* publishes, in the form of a letter from London, another article, in which the situation of almost every political journal in London is passed in review, and on the faith of the last stamp returns (which, however, are not understood, and are quoted incorrectly), is declared to be very bad indeed. It is certainly possible that this or that London journal may, by the abolition of the stamp duty, the springing up of new classes of readers and modifications in public opinion, have lost somewhat in circulation and influence; but to assert such a thing of the London journals generally is certainly a great error. And what do you think is the reason the *Constitutionnel* assigns for the decline of the newspapers it mentions? That they are hostile to Louis Napoleon and to France! Could anything be more absurd?

Madrid, Sept. 18.

The relaxations which, as in a former letter, I told you the government had made in the censorship on works of light literature and on *feuilletons* have caused great satisfaction in the literary circles. Although the censorship is maintained, it is, properly speaking, altogether illegal, the constitution of 1845 declaring expressly that Spaniards may write and print without being subject to censorship. And not content with violating the constitution by establishing the censorship, the last Cabinets that have governed Spain have made this instrument even more vexatious and intolerable than it naturally is, by employing as censors men who appeared to take a wanton pleasure in objecting to almost everything, and in treating authors with superciliousness. The man chosen to examine novels, tales, and plays, was, for example, a furious religious fanatic, who made a rule of hearing four masses a day, and of spending several hours daily squatted on his knees muttering prayers before a statue of the Virgin. To this man, of course, the works he had to examine appeared to be inspired by the foul fiend, and he cut and hacked them with merciless severity.

A report prevails that O'Donnell, the present Prime Minister, intends to abolish the censorship altogether. By so doing, he would gain great honour, and would render a signal service to literature, and to the cause of freedom. But we hear almost every day that he causes newspapers to be seized for publishing articles attacking his acts; and a man who does so, cannot, it may be feared, have that holy horror of the censorship which he affects.

SCIENTIFIC.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE twenty-eighth annual meeting of the British Association is now being held in the great metropolis of the West Riding, Leeds. It commenced on Wednesday morning in the Town Hall, by a meeting of the General Committee, at which about 100 members were present.

The chair was occupied by Dr. Lloyd, of Trinity College, Dublin, the retiring President of the Association. Among those present were,—Professor Owen, the President elect; Major-General Sabine, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Montagu, Sir Roderick Murchison, the Rev. W. V. Harcourt, the Rev. Dr. Hook, the Rev. T. Hincks, Lord Goderich, Sir P. Fairbairn, Mr. J. G. Marshall, Mr. E. Baines, Mr. P. O'Callaghan, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. T. Wilson, Sir B. Brodie, &c.

General SABINE, one of the general secretaries of the Association read the report of the council, as follows:—

"1. With reference to the subjects referred to the council by the general committee at Dublin, the council have to report as follows:—

"a. The general committee passed the following resolution, viz. :—

"That it is of great importance to the progress of science that the magnetic observations which have already added so much to our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism, should be continued. That the influence of the Association will be well employed in attaining this object, and that it is desirable to obtain the co-operation of the Royal Society. That a committee be appointed, consisting of the President, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, and Major-General Sabine, to request, on the part of the British Association, the co-operation of the President and Council of the Royal Society, and to take in conjunction with them such steps as may appear necessary, including, if it be thought desirable, an application to Government."

"A copy of this resolution was transmitted soon after the Dublin meeting by the President, Dr. Lloyd, to Lord Wrottesley, President of the Royal Society, accompanied by the following letter:—

"Nov. 6, 1857.

"My Lord,—At the meeting of the British Association, which was held at Dublin in August last, a resolution was adopted proposing the continuance of the system of magnetic observations, which was commenced under the auspices of the Royal Society, and of the British Association in 1840; and a committee, consisting of the President of the Association, Rev. Dr. Robinson, and General Sabine, was appointed, to request the co-operation of the President and Council of the Royal Society in the endeavour to attain this object, and to take in conjunction with them such steps as may appear desirable for that end. If this proposal should commend itself to your Lordship's judgment, and that of the Council of the Royal Society, I have to request, on the part of the gentlemen above named, that you will be pleased to nominate a committee of the Royal Society to confer with them, and to take such further steps in conjunction with them as may seem expedient."

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your most obedient servant,

"H. LLOYD.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Wrottesley, P.R.S."

"In consequence of this letter the President and Council of the Royal Society appointed a committee, consisting of Sir John Herschell, the Rev. Dr. Whewell, the Rev. the Dean of Ely, and the Astronomer Royal (who had been members of the Committee of Physics, by whom the former report on terrestrial magnetism in 1839-40 had been drawn up), to consider the progress and present state of magnetic investigation, and to take, in conjunction with the committee appointed by the British Association, such steps as should appear advisable for its further prosecution, including, if it should be deemed desirable, an application to Government."

"The mode of proceeding pursued by the two committees has been hitherto that of independent deliberation, with occasional intercommunication by correspondence. The conclusions which have been arrived at by the two committees being, it is understood, substantially the same, a united meeting has been appointed to take place at Leeds in the present week, at which a joint report may be drawn up, and may be presented to the general committee at its meeting on Monday next; when such further steps may be taken in reference to the subject as may appear desirable."

"b. The general committee assembled at Dublin directed that 'an application should be made to Her Majesty's Government, to send a vessel to examine and survey the entrance to the Zambesi River in South Africa, and to ascend the river as far as may be found practicable for navigation.'

"The President and the committee to whom the charge of this application was entrusted, having placed themselves in communication with Dr. Livingstone, presented the following memorial to the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:—

"Dr. Livingstone's successful travels in Africa, and the account which he has given of them at public meetings in the metropolis and in several of the principal provincial towns of the united kingdom, have excited throughout the country a strong desire to obtain more full particulars regarding the productions, capabilities and accessibility of that portion of the globe."

"The Zambesi River appears by Dr. Living-

stone's account to furnish means of communication with the interior of Southern Africa similar to those which the Quorra and Binue have been found to afford in Central Africa. The object of the present application is to bring under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government the expediency of availing themselves of the opportunity of Dr. Livingstone's return to Africa to employ a suitable vessel in the ensuing season to obtain, with his assistance, a more correct knowledge than we now possess of the facilities which the Zambesi would afford for commerce, and of the extent to which its waters may be navigable; and also to procure a more exact knowledge of the natural productions of the country, and of the availability of the supplies of coal and other mineral substances which are stated to exist in the vicinity of the river."

"Early in November the committee, accompanied by Dr. Livingstone, were favoured with a personal interview by Lord Clarendon, who was pleased to express a warm interest in the proposed expedition, and promised that it should receive the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The expectation thus raised has been fully realised; a vote of money was moved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and sanctioned by the House of Commons, and the expedition has since sailed, having had the advantage of receiving from the Royal Society, on Lord Clarendon's invitation, suggestions as to the scientific objects which the expedition may be made to subserve, without interference with its primary and immediate purpose, and having been furnished at the Observatory of the British Association at Kew with scientific instruments, and with personal instruction in their use."

"The general committee, at Dublin, directed that application should be made to Her Majesty's Government 'to send a vessel to the vicinity of the Mackenzie River, for the purpose of making a series of magnetic observations with special reference to the determination of the laws now known to rule the magnetic storms.' The general committee entrusted this application to the President, assisted by a committee named in the resolution. A memorial setting forth the grounds and object of the application, having been prepared by the committee, was presented to Lord Palmerston on the 31st of October, but the application was declined."

"2. The general committee at Dublin having placed 500*l.* at the disposal of the council, to be employed in maintaining the establishment and providing for the continuance of special researches at the Kew Observatory, the report of the committee to whom the council have confided the superintendence of the Kew Observatory is here with annexed, testifying to the great and still increasing public utility of that establishment. The general committee will recognise with pleasure, in the contribution of 150*l.* received from the Royal Society, for the purchase of improved tools for the workshop of the observatory, a fresh evidence of the readiness of the President and Council of that body to aid the objects of the Kew Observatory, by special grants from time to time for particular purposes."

"3. Since the communication made by the President and Council of the Royal Society to the general committee in Dublin relative to the formation of a 'Catalogue of the philosophical papers contained in the various scientific transactions and journals of all countries,' printed copies of which communication were distributed among the members of the general committee in Dublin, this important work has been commenced under the auspices and at the expense of the Royal Society. It is purposed that it should include the titles (in the original languages) of all memoirs published in such works, in the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, from the foundation of the Royal Society to the present time, the titles to be so arranged as to form ultimately three catalogues—one chronological, or in the order of the memoirs in the several series; one alphabetical, according to authors' names, and, lastly, a third, classified according to subjects. The superintendence of this work has been undertaken by the officers of the

Royal Society, assisted by a select committee of the Fellows.

"4. The Council have added to the list of corresponding members of the Association the names of the following foreign gentlemen, who were present at the Dublin meeting, and made communications to the sections—viz., Dr. Barth, Professor Bolzani, Kazan; Antoine D'Abbadie, Paris; Professor Loomis, New York; Visenza Pisani, Florence; Gastave Plaar, Strasburg; Herman Schlagintweit, Berlin; and Robert Schlagintweit, Berlin.

"5. The General Secretary has informed the Council that he communicated to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort the resolution of the general committee at Dublin, viz.:—"That application be made to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort for permission to elect him President of the British Association for the year 1859," and that he had received in reply the following letter:—

"Balmoral, Sept. 17, 1857.

"Sir,—I have communicated to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort your letter of the 13th inst., expressing, on the part of the committee of the British Association, the wish that His Royal Highness would allow himself to be nominated as President of the meeting which it is proposed to hold at Aberdeen in 1859.

"His Royal Highness cannot but feel gratified at the wish thus expressed by the committee, though he is sensible that his own proficiency in scientific subjects is scarcely such as to entitle him to such a distinction. If, therefore, he expresses his readiness to comply with the wishes of the committee, he begs that it may be considered merely as an expression of the deep interest which he takes in the advancement of science in this country, and as a mark of the high sense which he entertains of the importance and usefulness of the Association.

"His acceptance of the presidency must also be considered, to a certain degree, conditional, depending upon his being in Scotland at the time proposed for the meeting.

"His Royal Highness's time is not his own, and it is impossible for him at this distance of time to say whether the call of other duties may not be such as to prevent his attendance.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"To Major-General Sabine."

"C. GREY."

The report was unanimously received, and ordered to be entered upon the minutes of the Association.

General SABINE next read the report of the Kew Committee, which detailed the steps which have been taken by the Association in connection with the Meteorological Observatory at Kew.

Sir RODERICK MURCHISON moved the adoption of the report, and spoke in praise of the Observatory at Kew, it being one which realised the ideas of the great Humboldt, who wished for the establishment of an observatory distinct from astronomical purposes.

Professor PHILLIPS then read the report of the Parliamentary Committee.

The treasurer's balance-sheet was next read. It appeared that the total receipts of the Association for the past year were 3,389*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*, and that the disbursements were about 620*l.* less than that sum, the association being now 620*l.* better than last year at the same time.

The meeting then proceeded to the filling up of the officers for the different sections. Altogether there are eight sections, including a new or subsection on physiology.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The general meeting of the Association was held in the evening, in the large room of the Town Hall, when Professor Owen, the new President, delivered the opening address.

Owing to the extreme length of this document, which occupied fully three hours in its delivery, we have only room for an abstract, embracing the more important passages. The accomplished Professor commenced by saying,—We are here met, in this our 28th annual assembly, having accepted, for the present year, the invitation of the flourishing town and firm seat of British manufacturing energy, Leeds, to continue the aim of the Association, which is the promotion of science, or the knowledge of the laws of nature; whereby we acquire a dominion over nature, and are thereby able so to apply her powers as to advance the well-being of society and exalt the condition of mankind. It is no light matter, therefore, the

work that we are here assembled to do. God has given to man a capacity to discover and comprehend the laws by which His universe is governed; and man is impelled by a healthy and natural impulse to exercise the faculties by which that knowledge can be acquired. Agreeably with the relations which have been instituted between our finite faculties and the phenomena that affect them, we arrive at demonstrations and convictions which are the most certain that our present state of being can have or act upon. Nor let any one, against whose prepossessions a scientific truth may jar, confound such demonstrations with the speculative philosophies condemned by the apostle,—ascribe to arrogant intellect soaring to regions of forbidden mysteries the acquisition of such truths as have been or may be established by patient and inductive research. For the most part the discoverer has been so placed by circumstances, rather than by predetermined choice, as to have his work of investigation allotted to him as his daily duty, in the fulfilment of which he is brought face to face with phenomena into which he must inquire, and the result of that inquiry he must faithfully impart. The progress of natural as of moral truth has been and is progressive; but it has pleased the Author of all truth to vary the fashion of the imparting of such parcels thereof as he has allotted from time to time for the behoof and guidance of mankind. Those who are privileged with the faculties of discovery are therefore to be regarded as pre-ordained instruments in making known the power of God, without a knowledge of which, as well as of Scripture, we are told that we shall err. Great and marvellous have been the manifestations of this power imparted to us of late years, not only in respect of the shape, motions, and solar relations of the earth, but also of its age and its inhabitants. In regard to the period during which the globe allotted to man has revolved in its orbit, present evidence strains the mind to grasp such sum of past time with an effort like that by which it tries to realise the space dividing that orbit from the fixed stars and remoter nebulae. Yet, during all those eras that have passed since the Cambrian rocks were deposited which bear the impressed record of creative power, as it was then manifested, we know, through the interpreters of these "writings on stone," that the earth was vivified by the sun's light and heat, was fertilised by refreshing showers, and washed by tidal waves. No stagnation has been permitted to air or ocean. The vast body of waters not only moved, as a whole, in orderly oscillations, regulated, as now, by sun and moon, but were rippled and agitated by winds and storms. The atmosphere was healthily influenced by its horizontal currents, and by ever-varying clouds and vapours, rising, condensing, dissolving, and falling in endless vertical circulation. With these conditions of life, we know that life itself has been enjoyed throughout the same countless thousands of years; and that with life, from the beginning, there has been death. The earliest testimony of a living thing, whether shell, crust, or coral, in the oldest fossiliferous rock, is at the same time proof that it died. At no period has the gift of life been monopolised by a few contemporary individuals through a stagnant sameness of untold time; but it has been handed over from generation to generation, and successively enjoyed by the myriads that constitute the species. And herein we discern the greater beneficence and wisdom, that through death, whether sudden or preceded by a brief decay, the individual enjoys the varying phases of life,—healthy, assimilative growth, active youth and vigorous maturity, with the procreative faculties and instincts to boot,—and as life rises in the scale, even to the present highest form, foreknowing of his end, death is still the condition on which are enjoyed man's purest pleasures,—the reverential love of parents—the holy affections of wedlock—the fond yearning towards offspring. (Applause.) Has further been given to us to know, that not only the individual but the species perishes; that as death is balanced by generation, so extinction has been concomitant with creative power, which has continued

to provide a succession of species; and furthermore, that as regards the varying forms of life which this planet hath witnessed, there has been "an advance and progress in the main." Geology demonstrates that the creative force has not deserted this earth during any of her epochs of time; and that in respect to no one class of animals has the manifestation of that force been limited to one epoch. Not a fish that now lives but has come into being during a comparatively recent period; the existing species were preceded by other species, and these again by others still more different from the present. No existing genus of fishes can be traced beyond a moiety of known creative time. So the creation of every class of animals, reptiles, birds, or beasts, has been successive and continuous, from the earliest times at which we have evidence of their existence; creation ever compensating for extinction. Such is a brief summary of facts most nearly interesting to us which have been demonstratively made known respecting our earth and its inhabitants; and when we reflect at how late and in how brief a period of historical time the acquisition of such knowledge has been permitted, we must feel that, vast as it seems, it may be but a very small part of the patrimony of truth destined for the possession of future generations. The President observed that reviewing the proceedings, aims, and objects of the British Association during the last 27 years was like realising the grand philosophical dream or prefigurative vision of Francis Bacon, recounted in his *New Atlantis*, in which, for instance, certain members of the "six days' college" were deputed as "merchants of light," to make "circuits or visits of divers principal cities of the kingdom." The observatories, Royal and other scientific societies, British Museum, Zoological, Botanical, and Horticultural Gardens, now combine to realise what Bacon foresaw in distant perspective. The universal law of gravitation, the circulation of the blood, the analogous course of the magnetic influence, the development and progress of chemistry, geology, paleontology; the inventions and practical applications of gas, the steam-engine, photography, telegraphy—such, in the few centuries since Bacon wrote, have been the rewards of the faithful followers of his rules of research. Dr. Owen then commenced his survey of the recent progress in the various kingdoms of science, with astronomy and the physical sciences, touching successively on the laws of motion, gravitation, and light; and he observed that in Bacon's time some of the natural sciences had not germinated. Chemistry was then alchemy; geology and paleontology were undreamt of; while magnetism and electricity had begun to be observed, and their phenomena comprehended and defined. About a century later the phenomena of repulsion as well as of attraction of light bodies by electric substances were noticed; and Dufay in 1733 enunciated the principle that "electric bodies attract all those that are not so, and repel them as soon as they are become electric by the vicinity of the electric body." (Applause.) Passing on to the discoveries of electricity and magnetism and the progress of the knowledge of their operations and laws, he said—My estimable predecessor adverted last year to the fact that it was in the committee-rooms of the British Association that the first step was taken towards that great magnetic organisation which has since borne so much fruit. Thereby it has been determined that there are periodical changes of the magnetic elements depending on the hour of the day, the season of the year, and on intervals of about 10 years. Also, that besides these regular changes there were others of a more abrupt and seemingly irregular character—Humboldt's "magnetic storms"—which occur simultaneously at distant parts of the earth's surface. Major-General Sabine, than whom no one has done more in this field of research since Halley first attempted "to explain the change in the variation of the magnetic needle," has proved that the magnetic storms also observe diurnal, annual, and undecennial periods. But with what phase or phenomenon of earthly or heavenly bodies, it may be asked,

has the magnetic period of 10 years to do? The coincidence which points to, if it does not give, the answer, is one of the most remarkable, unexpected, and encouraging to patient observers. For 30 years a German astronomer, Schwabe, had set himself the task of daily observing and recording the appearance of the sun's disc; in which time he found that the spots passed through periodic phases of increase and decrease, the length of the period being about 10 years. A comparison of the independent evidence of the astronomer and magnetic observer has shown that the decennial magnetic period coincides both in its duration and in its epochs of *maximum* and *minimum* with the same period observed in the solar spots. After referring to some further steps in this science, Professor Owen said the generalisation was established, and with a rapidity unexampled, regard being had to its greatness, that magnetism and electricity are but different effects of one common cause. This has proved the first step to still grander abstractions, to that which conceives the reduction of all the species of imponderable fluids of the chemistry of our student days, together with gravitation, chemistry, and neuritic, to interchangeable modes of action of one and the same all-pervading life-essence. Referring to the experiments of Galvani and Volta, and what had subsequently been done in the same line, the Professor continued—From the present state of neuro-electricity it may be concluded that nerve force is not identical with electric force, but that it may be another mode of motion of the same common force; it is certainly a polar force, and, perhaps, the highest form of polar force:—

"A motion which may change, but cannot die;
An image of some bright eternity."

(Applause.) The learned Professor next proceeded to speak of chemistry, and observed that the present tendency of the higher generalisations of chemistry seems to be towards a reduction of the number of those bodies which are called "elementary;" it begins to be almost more than suspected that certain groups of so-called chemical elements are but modified forms of one another. Already natural processes can be more economically replaced by artificial ones in the formation of a few organic compounds, the "valerianic acid," for example. It is impossible to foresee to what extent chemistry may not ultimately, in the production of things needful, supersede the present vital agencies of nature "by laying under contribution the accumulated forces of past ages, which would thus enable us to obtain in a small manufactory, and in a few days, effects which can be realised from present natural agencies only when they are exerted upon vast areas of land, and through considerable periods of time." (Applause.) Since Niépce, Herschell, Fox Talbot, and Daguerre founded photography, year by year some improvement is made—some advance achieved in this most subtle application and combination in photicity, electricity, chemistry, and magnetism. Last year, M. Poitevin's production of plates in relief, for the purpose of engraving by the action of light alone, was cited as the latest marvel of photography. This year has witnessed photographic printing in carbon by M. Pretsch. Professor Owen continued by alluding to the application of photography for obtaining views of the moon, of the planets, of scientific and other phenomena. After referring to the discoveries in electro-magnetism, the lecturer continued:—Remote as such profound conceptions and subtle trains of thought seem to be from the needs of every-day life, the most astounding of the practical augmentation of man's power has sprung out of them. Nothing might seem less promising of profit than Oersted's painfully pursued experiments, with his little magnets, voltaic pile, and bits of copper wire. Yet out of these has sprung the electric telegraph! Oersted himself saw such an application of his convertibility of electricity into magnetism, and made arrangements for testing that application to the instantaneous communications of signs through distances of a few miles. The

resources of inventive genius have made it practicable for all distances, as we have lately seen in the submergence and working of the electro-magnetic cord connecting the Old and the New World of the geographers. (Applause.) On the 6th of August, 1858, the laying down of upwards of 2000 nautical miles of the telegraphic cord, connecting Newfoundland and Ireland, was successfully completed; and on that day a message of thirty-one words was transmitted in thirty-five minutes along the sinuosities of the submerged hills and valleys forming the bed of the vast Atlantic. (Applause.) This first message expressed "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill towards men!" Never since the foundations of the world were laid could it be more truly said, "The depths of the sea praise Him!" (Applause.) The practicability of bringing America into electrical communication with Europe has been demonstrated; consequently a like power of instantaneous interchange of thought between the civilised inhabitants of every part of the globe becomes, in my opinion, only a question of time. The benefits thence to ensue for the human race can be but inadequately foreseen. Some results stand out more prominently than others. (Applause.) The strides made in various branches of natural history were next passed in review. Since Bacon's day the chief steps by which natural history had advanced to the dignity of a science are associated with the names of Ray, Linnaeus, Jussieu, Buffon, and Cuvier. By the first two the phenomena were digested and classified according to artificial, but conveniently applicable methods,—of necessity the precursors of systems more expressive of the natural affinities of plants and animals. To perfect the natural system of plants has been the great aim of botanists since Jussieu; to obtain the same true insight into the relations of animals has stimulated the labours of zoologists since the writings of Cuvier. Three principles (of the common ground of which we may ultimately obtain a clearer insight) are now recognised to have governed the construction of animals—unity of plan, vegetative repetition, and fitness for purpose. In maintenance of this proposition, the President took a wide range of illustration and proofs, from every class of living animal, and related many interesting experiments tending to throw light on the mysteries of organic life. The microscope and microgeology were passed under notice; then the President glanced at the geographical distribution of plants, with respect to which the sum of the relations rested, he said, on the assumption that each species had been created but once in time and space; and that its diffusion was the result of the law of reproduction influenced chiefly by temperature and moisture. Botany, at this phase, became intimately related to climatology. Observations on the geographical distribution of indigenous plants were generalised by dividing the horizontal range of vegetation into zones bounded by annual isothermal lines; by classifying plants according to the regions of altitude; and by classifying them by regions defined by the proportion of plant species peculiar to them. The modes of enunciating the laws of the geographical distribution of marine animals were very analogous to those which had been applied to the vegetable kingdom, which was as diversely developed on land as was the animal kingdom in the sea. Certain horizontal areas or provinces had been characterised by the entire assemblage of animals and plants constituting their population. The same physical conditions were associated with a certain similarity between the animals of different provinces. A second mode of expressing the ascertained facts of the geographical distribution of marine animals was by tracts called "Homoiozoic belts," bounded by climatal lines. But the most interesting form of expression of the distribution of marine life was that which paralleled the perpendicular distribution of plants. Very much remained to be observed by naturalists in different parts of the globe under the guidance of these generalisations. The restrictive laws of geographical distribution seemed least applicable to birds,

yet like the plants and marine animals, they were similarly restricted. The laws of geographical distribution, as affecting mammalian life, had been reduced to great exactness by observations continued since the time of Buffon. The most important extension of this branch of zoology had been due to recent researches and discoveries of extinct species of the class mammalia. The learned Professor then proceeded to remark upon the modifications of zoological ideas which have been produced by paleontology. It would seem that the deeper we penetrated into the earth, or, in other words, the further we receded in time, the more completely were we absolved from the present laws of geographical distribution. The considerations arising from the modification of geographical distribution of particular forms or groups of animals warned us how inadequate must be the phenomena connected with the present distribution of land and sea to guide to the determination of the primary autological divisions of the earth's surface, but might they not, in aiming to define the primary zoological provinces of the globe, be trenching upon a province of knowledge beyond the present capacities? After some observations on the probable causes of the extinction of species, Professor Owen remarked that the aboriginal laws of geographical distribution of plants and animals had been modified from of old by geological and climatal changes; but they had been much more disturbed by man since his introduction upon the globe. The varieties of mankind and their distribution were then considered. The practical results of the study of the animal kingdom in relation to sources of food and beasts of traction and burden were then referred to, and after some remarks on the great importance of national museums of natural history, he added—The most elaborate and beautiful of created things, those manifesting life, have much to teach—much that comes home to the business of man, and also to the highest elements of his moral nature. The nation that gathers together thousands of corals, shells, insects, fishes, birds, and beasts, and votes the requisite funds for preparing, preserving, housing, and arranging them, derives the smallest possible return for the outlay by merely gazing and wondering at the manifold variety and strangeness of such specimens of natural history. The simplest coral and the meanest insect may have something in its history worth knowing, and in some way profitable. Every organism is a character in which Divine wisdom is written, and which ought to be expounded. (Applause.) Our present system of opening the book of nature to the masses, as in the galleries of the British Museum, without any provision for expounding her language, is akin to that which keeps the Book of God sealed to the multitude in a dead tongue. (Loud applause.) The learned Professor next went on to inculcate the importance of a right practice of sanitary science, and referred to the ignorance which had for so long prevailed on all questions involved in such science, and to the painful results of this ignorance, presented not only in large workshops and densely populated towns, but in our naval and military arrangements, as shown during the Crimean campaign, especially noticing the awful loss of life in the French army at Varna and in the Dobrukscha. He referred to the successful sanitary operations at Croydon and Ely, and added—It has been shown by the Sanitary Commissioners as a general result that nearly one-half the prevalent diseases are due to one or other form of atmospheric impurity; impurity from decomposing fecal or animal and vegetable matter within and without human habitations; and beneath the sites of towns, and atmospheric impurity from over-crowding. For the prevention of the diseases arising from these causes the sanitary physician must direct his requisitions not to the apothecary, but to the professors of new arts which are only partially created,—the art of the sanitary architect and the art of the sanitary engineer. The latter has already been officially shown how he may collect water from natural and artificial springs, convey it into houses unintermittently fresh and without stagnation, and by its means remove from

houses, through self-cleansing drains and self-cleansing sewers constantly, and before noxious decompositions can commence, all the fecal and waste animal and vegetable matter. In our time physicians have ably exerted themselves in aid of the sanitary engineer and administrator, but it is to the landlord—to the representative landlords and owners of habitations—in Parliament to whom exhortations are now required to be addressed to raise their minds above “the sordid considerations” of the expenses of cure, that is, of the expenses of those sanitary works of combined drainage and water which it is their province to supply. (Applause.) Agriculture has of late years made unusual progress in this country, and much of that progress is due to the application of scientific principles; chiefly of those supplied by chemistry; in a less degree of zoology and physiology. Geology now teaches the precise nature and relations of soils—a knowledge of great practical importance in guiding the drainer of land, in the modifications of his general rules of practice. Paleontology has brought to light unexpected sources of valuable manures, in phosphatic relics of ancient animal life, accumulated in astounding masses in certain localities of England, as, for instance, in the red crag of Suffolk and the greensands of Cambridge. But quantities of azotic, ammoniacal, and phosphatic matters are still suffered to run to waste; and, as if to bring the wastefulness more home to the conviction, those products, so valuable when rightly administered, become a source of annoyance, unremunerative outlay, and disease when, as at present in most towns, imperfectly and irrationally disposed of. (Applause.) For the most part, thought is taken only how to get rid of these products in the easiest and quickest way. The metropolitan authorities have hitherto carried the chain of reasoning no further. They have turned them into the Thames, the receptacle nearest at hand; but in so doing have failed in their prime intention. The metropolis is not even rid of its *excreta*; but they are returned upon it and accumulated with increased noxious and morbid power on the strands of the valley that bisects it; appealing, as is notorious, summer after summer, to the very legislature itself, with unintermitting and importunate odours, compelling the attention of the possessors of land and houses to this important subject. (Applause.) And here I would beg leave to remark that in the operations of nature there is generally a succession of processes co-ordinated for a given result; a peach is not directly developed as such from its elements; the seed would, *a priori*, give no idea of the tree, nor the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised germ of that flower of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the Creative wisdom, this far-seeing and provision of an ultimate result, through the successive operations of a co-ordinate series of seemingly very different conditions. The further man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result the nearer does his wisdom approach to the Divine wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax; and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through the foreseen consequences the revenue is improved. The latter is the wise statesman. Quarantine regulations exemplify only the first step in the progress of thought, bearing on the prevention of a dreaded miasm. It is a system which might keep out contagious goods or uncertified strangers, but it is powerless against the gaseous factors of plague, cholera, or yellow fever. No country in Europe has suffered more from such maladies than Naples and Portugal, where quarantine regulations are the most stringent. Science is deeply concerned in one progressive step—the uniformity of standard in measure and weight throughout the civilised world; in urging on which step energetic and unwearied efforts are now being made by a committee of our fellow-labourers of the Royal

Society of Arts, among whom the name of the prime promoter of this and kindred reforms, Mr. James Yates, deserves special and honourable mention. Chemistry is more concerned in the uniform expression of the results of her delicate balances among her cultivators of different countries; natural history is no less interested in the use by all observers of one and the same scale for measuring, and of one set of terms for expressing the superficial dimensions of her subjects. In reference to the relations now subsisting between State and Science, my first duty is to express our grateful sense of such measure of aid, co-operation, and countenance as has been allotted to scientific bodies, enterprises, and discoveries,—more especially to acknowledge how highly we prize the sentiments of the Sovereign towards our works and aims, manifested by spontaneous tribute to successful scientific research, in honourable titles and Royal gifts, and, above all, in the gracious expressions accompanying them, with which her Majesty has been pleased to distinguish some of our body. Happy are we, under the present benignant reign, to have in the Royal Consort a Prince endowed with exemplary virtues, and with such accomplishments in science and art as have enabled his Royal Highness effectually, and on some memorable occasions, in the most important degree, to promote the best interests of both. (Applause.) We rejoice, moreover, in the prospect of being honoured and favoured at a future meeting by the Presidency of the Prince Consort; and that ere long the Association may give the opportunity for the delivery of another of those “addresses” pregnant with deep thought, good sense, and right feeling, which have placed the name of Prince Albert high in the esteem of the intellectual classes, and have engraven it deeply in the hearts of the humblest of Her Majesty’s subjects. (Loud applause.) On the part of the State, sums continue to be voted in aid of the means independently possessed by the British Museum and the Royal Society, whereby the Natural History Collections in the first are extended, and the more direct scientific aims of the latter institution are advanced. The Botanical Gardens and Museum at Kew and the Museum of Practical Geology in Jernyn Street are examples of the national policy in regard to science of which we can hardly over-estimate the importance. Most highly and gratefully also do we appreciate the co-operation of the Board of Trade with our meteorologists by the recent formation of the department for the collection of meteorological observations made at sea. But not by words only would or does science make return to governments fostering and aiding her endeavours for the public weal. Every practical application of her discoveries tends to the same end as that which the enlightened statesman has in view. (Applause.) The steam-engine, in its manifold applications, the crime decreasing gas lamp, the lightning conductor, the electric telegraph the law of storms and rules for the mariner’s guidance in them, the power of rendering surgical operations painless, the measures for preserving public health, and for preventing or mitigating epidemics—such are among the more important practical results of pure scientific research with which mankind have been blessed and States enriched. They are evidence unmistakable of the close affinity between the aims and tendencies of science and those of true State policy. In proportion to the activity, productivity, and prosperity of a community is its power of responding to the calls of the Finance Minister. By a far-seeing eye the man of science will be regarded with a favourable eye, not less for the unlooked-for streams of wealth that have already flowed, but for those that may in future arise out of the applications of the abstract truths, to the discovery of which he devotes himself. (Applause.) After pointing out the benefit which had arisen to the State from the discoveries of Black, Oersted, Hunter, Priestley, and Babbage, and the advantages accruing from the establishment of the British Observatory at Kew, and the application of pure mathematics and astronomy to trade and commerce, in making

voyages safer and speedier, and after acknowledging the aid which the Government had afforded to scientific expeditions recommended by the Association, to the Kew Observatory, and to other institutions, the Learned Professor concluded as follows.—“It now only remains for me to express how deeply I feel the honour conferred on me by the position in which, through your kindness, I am now placed; how highly I esteem the opportunity afforded me of addressing so distinguished and influential an audience in this most noble hall; and how sincerely I thank you for the patience and favour with which you have received the address.” (Loud applause.)

The meeting of the several sections commenced on Thursday, and were continued yesterday. They were well attended, from 1800 to 2000 persons being present in the aggregate. Our report must be deferred till next Saturday.

FINE ARTS.

The English Lakes. By Harriet Martineau. Illustrated with Steel Engraving, Woodcuts by W. J. Linton, Outlines of the Mountains, and a Map coloured Geologically, by John Ruthven. (Windermere, John Garnett. London: Whitaker & Co.; Longman & Co., &c.)

In a quiet mountain district no less than in the busy port or city a dozen years may, in these our days, work strange changes. ‘Twas but in 1844 that Wordsworth called on the bright scene from Orrest Head to baffle the threat of the coming Windermere railway. Three years later a writer, in speaking of that railway as an accomplished fact, added that the terminus had hardly its parallel—“The railway ends *no where*”; that is, there is no town at the terminus, nor does the tourist clearly see how he is to get to the haunts of his brother men, or even to the lake which is the object of his trip.” Well, ten more years have passed away, and though the railway has not gone to a town, a town (or what may in these parts be called a town) has come to it. From Orrest Head you see, not a railway station merely, but a goodly village with church and schools, hotel and inns, comfortable dwellings, showy shops, and a “head post-office,” nay, even an abbey (of which Mary is the patron saint), a spacious college, and a hydropathic establishment. And to take off something of its excessively juvenile aspect, this aspiring young village, which bears the name of the neighbouring lake, has clad itself in a medieval garb, contrived purposely for it by some new-light ecclesiastical stone-tailors. But what immediately concerns us—and it shows that though medieval in habit, Windermere is modern in spirit—from this flourishing little bran-new village has proceeded the work under notice—a handsome quarto volume, written by a pen already tried in many an honourable literary field; illustrated with views printed in colours, with large steel engravings, and with numerous pretty little woodcuts; printed in a fair large type, and bound in a gay cover of green and gold. Yet, though printed at the village press, and issued from the village shop, it is produced in a style that would do no discredit to the oldest house in the oldest or largest town in the kingdom, not excepting the metropolis itself.

The book we may remark—though it is nowhere so stated—is an expansion of a pleasant paper on the Lake District which Miss Martineau contributed to the second volume of Mr. Charles Knight’s “Land we Live In,” some of the speculative parts being reprinted verbatim. As enlarged, it was first published in a pocket form as a Guide to the Lakes. Somewhere we believe it is said that—

“Of all bad books by wearied readers cursed,
Bad sermons and bad guide-books are the worst,”

because, as we suppose, if bad they are not even useful; and they are seldom read on account of their agreeable qualities. Generally it must be confessed they are very dreary reading. The Lake District has however fared better than most of the lands to which our birds of passage take their annual flight. Green, West, sober old Jonathan

Otley, and, chief of all, Wordsworth himself, in turn did their best to direct the footsteps of the visitor to the loveliest, the grandest, and the most instructive localities, and each in his day did excellently well. Still later, when Wordsworth's admirable little volume was enlarged by a well-digested series of routes, and supplemented with the Letters on the Geology of the Lake District from the incomparable pen of that most excellent and eloquent of geologists Adam Sedgwick, it seemed that the most resolute of lake and mountain explorers could want little more, unless it had been, what to the disgrace of the authorities has not yet been supplied, the Ordnance Map—though 16 or 18 years have elapsed since we used to meet the Sappers and Miners on the mountaintops and about the dales. But the success which attended Black's Guide—with its well-planned routes, carefully compiled digest of information, and Professor Phillips's outline of the geology—showed that the field was far from exhausted, and that not only might another good guide be produced, but that it would find a ready market. That there was room for still another, and that that other was worthy to take rank with the best of its predecessors, may fairly be assumed from the present reprint of it as a volume for the drawing-room and the library.

Miss Martineau's "English Lakes" is in fact very far from being an ordinary guide-book. Everywhere you have evidence that the writer has looked abroad on the busy world, has observed and reflected much, and written as one having a claim to be listened to with respect even when, touching on matters not generally treated of in a guide-book, though rising fairly and naturally out of the subject in hand, she gives utterance to opinions or statements which wear a scarcely pleasant, sometimes an almost intolerant air.

But the book is essentially a guide-book, and contains extremely little that could be regarded as irrelevant, taking the most prosaic and business-like view of the duties of a guide. Beyond any previous lake guide that we know of does it give full and minute local information. Only a resident could indeed have written it. And we may remark in passing that to us it is a matter of some little interest to notice that in its present form, this, which is unquestionably the handsomest Book of the Lakes yet published (Pyne's Views do not of course enter into the comparison), is almost entirely a product of the Lake district. Not only, as we have said, was it printed and published in Windermere, and written in one of the loveliest nooks in the neighbourhood of Ambleside (Miss Martineau having, as everybody knows, long taken up her abode there), but the best of the steel engravings and the admirable outlines of the mountains were drawn by a resident at Bowness, Mr. Aspland; while Mr. Linton, by whom, or under whose superintendence, the numerous wood-cut vignettes were sketched and engraved, has or had his dwelling under the shadow of Conistone Old Man; and Mr. Ruthven, to whom is due the geological information as well as the map, belongs to Kendal. This we think should be a great recommendation in the eyes of those who wish to have a faithful as well as an agreeable souvenir of a Lake tour, as it will doubtless be to those who may turn to it with the view of studying the district previous to visiting it.

Miss Martineau divides her book into four parts each treating of a great section of the country, and these are subdivided into convenient tours and excursions. Thus, to give an illustration, in the part devoted to Keswick as a centre she describes the following excursions:—(1) From Watendlath to Borrowdale, and back by Lodore; (2) By Vale of Newland to Scale Hill, and back by Whinlatter; (3) Circuit of Bassenthwaite; (4) Ascent of Skiddaw; and (5) the Ascent of Saddleback; while the part entitled "Circuit of the Lakes" she divides into tours from Keswick by Patterdale to Ambleside; from Ambleside to Strand and Wastwater; from Strand and Wastwater to Scale Hill Inn; and from Scale Hill to Keswick by Honister Crag; thus with the other routes laid down fairly making the circuit of the district and traversing it in pretty nearly every

part available to the ordinary tourist, but happily leaving for the hardy explorer many a glorious tract to reward his own self-reliant research.

The traveller who is acquainted with Wordsworth's prose as well as his poetic descriptions of his beloved lakes and fells, and tarns and streams, and who has also read Miss Martineau's previous writings, will hardly expect to find in her "Guide" that lover-like lingering over favourite spots, or that enthusiastic appreciation of what may be called the æsthetics of lake and mountain scenery, which render the word-paintings of the old man eloquent so delightful to the student; nor has she any of the breadth, and dash, and fervour of Wilson; but Miss Martineau has lived long enough among the mountains to have come to understand them and to love them; and, consequently, though there is not the sustained eloquence of description, nor the glowing colour, nor the depth of feeling which pervade the descriptions of Wordsworth and Wilson, and though many a glorious and many a lovely spot is dismissed with a dry hard word or phrase of cold commendation, yet she does occasionally break into something approaching warmth in speaking of a journey she has herself enjoyed, or paint with minute and discriminating finish a scene that has caught her fancy. One of the best of these descriptions is her account of a walk along Fairfield (p. 56), but it is too long to quote. A more manageable extract is her account of Stanley Ghyll Fall, which is a favourable specimen of her style of landscape painting, and the better worth quoting as it depicts a place not among those oftenest visited:—

"The Stanley Ghyll Fall has much the character of Ara Force; and the immediate surroundings may perhaps be rivalled by other waterfalls in the district. But the glen itself is indisputably the finest in the region; and it is scarcely possible to say too much of the view from the moss-house on the steep, which should certainly be the first point of view. From hence the eye commands the whole ravine, whose sides are feathered with wood from base to ridge. The fall is between the crags—the one bare, the other crowned with pines; and if there is a slant of sunlight between them, it gives the last finish of beauty to the chasm. The most modern element in the scene, the young larches, cannot offend the eye,—so well is their vivid green intermingled with the well-grown beech, oak, birch, and hollies of a sober hue. There is a bridge below, descried from the moss-house, which will tempt the stranger to find his way down; and there he will meet with two more, by means of which he will reach the fall. Here, among a wilderness of ferns and wild-flowers, he may sit in the cool, damp abyss, watching the fall of waters into their clear rock-basin till his ear is satisfied with their dash and their flow, and his eye with the everlasting quiver of the ash sprays, and swaying of the young birches, which hang over from the ledges of the precipice. A path then leads him under the rocks, now on this side of the stream, and now on that, till he emerges from the ravine, and winds his way through the hazel copse to the gate."

Occasionally we may differ from her estimate of particular localities, as of the valley of the Duddon, where she says, "Wordsworth's series of sonnets may have led the stranger to expect too much," but which we who have followed the brilliant little stream, inch by inch, from its source on Wrynose to its mouth on Broughton Sands, declare to be at least all that the poet described it; and Ennerdale Water, which she says "wants wood to give it grace and beauty," but to which we affirm it would be profanation to add a single twig, and which, seen under due circumstances of season and atmosphere, has for stern grandeur no peer among our English lakes. But while we differ, as individual tastes and feelings will in particular instances, we have little hesitancy in saying that the tourist who places himself under Miss Martineau's guidance will overlook little that is famous or beautiful in the district, except of course those indescribable and innumerable

spots which the solitary explorer as distinguished from the ordinary tourist is constantly lighting upon, but which neither guide nor guide-book can possibly indicate. And whilst Miss Martineau overlooks little, she almost always describes, or by a word or phrase indicates, justly the special character of every place she notices. But though every spot of any rank is thus studiously pointed out if not described, it is when she finds an opportunity for commenting on the social condition of the inhabitants that she is most at home, and her pen flows most freely. If the grandeur and the gloom of the mountains, the shifting cloud-shadows playing over the fell sides, the leaping of the light sparkling waters, the pearly lights of the dewy mornings, the golden glow of the evenings, the fiery glories of the naked peaks as lit by the setting sun, the wonders of storm and mist, and the marvellous phenomena which sometimes greet the lonely wanderer, are only occasionally and coldly hinted at, her style never fails to kindle where men and manners are the theme.

We are sorry to observe, therefore, that in this present edition she sees no reason to qualify the unfavourable and unhelpful view she in her first sketch took of the dalesmen, statesmen and peasantry of this lovely portion of our land. Not only are their dwellings in the most deplorable state of sanitary neglect, and their cultivation of the soil wretchedly bad, but they are themselves gradually falling into a more and more irremediable state of poverty and vice. The land of the statesman—land often held by the same family for centuries—has passed away or is mortgaged. Those social and "neighbourly" qualities on which Wordsworth loved to expatiate have long been declining; intemperance with all its train of evil consequences is steadily gaining ground, "and nowhere is drunkenness a more prevalent and desperate curse than in the Lake District." Such is the state of things, "and the process," she says, "is still going on." Indeed she sees no remedy but in the introduction of a more intelligent and enterprising population before whom, as the red Indians before the white Americans, the primitive population shall be improved off the face of the earth. These are of course not the words in which she enunciates this melancholy end of a people whom poets and novelists, painters and tourists have (in that also the resemblance is a little too near to their American prototypes) been wont to speak of with somewhat unstinted admiration. But as the fact is worth a passing note, of there being in our own country a race (shall we so call our Lakists?) thus foredoomed by the laws of political economy, we give her own conclusion in her own words:—

"Having reached this pass [of degradation and decay] it is clearly best that it should go on till the primitive population, having lost its safety of isolation and independence, and kept its ignorance and grossness, shall have given place to a new set of inhabitants, better skilled in agriculture, and in every way more up to the times. It is mournful enough to meet everywhere the remnants of the old families in a reduced and discouraged condition; but if they can no longer fill the valleys with grain, and cover the hill-sides with flocks, it is right that those who can should enter upon their lands, and that knowledge, industry, and temperance should find their fair field and due reward."

Mournful enough assuredly; but is it so "clearly best" that this process should go on without an effort to check it? If it be as here stated, would it not be at least worth an earnest trial by those whose position entitles them, and whose interest in the locality makes it their duty, to interfere, whether something could not be done to enlighten, to reclaim, and to assist those who are thus fallen? Can the wealthy and well-informed neighbouring landowner, himself an agriculturist, the clergyman, or the schoolmaster, do nothing effectual in such a case? Is there no Bernard Gilpin to be found in these days who would devote himself to the reclamation of this moral and physical waste?

In her illustrations of the character of the population Miss Martineau shows that there is a good deal of that popular superstition and tradition

which, under the name of folk-lore, has of late largely stimulated the inquiries of antiquaries in this country and in Germany; but she does not pursue the subject beyond the purpose of an illustration. We give an example:—

"In the pastoral valleys, the trouble occurs now and then that the milk will not churn. Elsewhere, the causes of this are understood, and cow and milk are treated accordingly. Not so here. The cow is at once concluded to be bewitched; and it is apprehended that she will spread the witchery to the whole dairy. So, instead of any sensible method, the remedy tried is depositing in the cow-house some soil from the nearest churchyard. As it is probable that this fails, time is lost in other proceedings. Stirring with a stick from the rowan-tree is one of the least troublesome. If the cows are distempered, it is actually a practice in many of the dales to light 'the Need-fire,' notice being given throughout the neighbouring valleys that the charm may be sent for if wanted. The Need-fire is produced by rubbing two sticks together. A great pile of combustible stuff is prepared, and the more smoke it can be made to give the better. When lighted, the neighbours snatch some of the fire to hurry home with and light their respective piles. The cattle, diseased and sound, are then driven through the fire; as some of the Irish, by a remnant of Paganism, charm their property, and even their children, by passing or snatching them through the fire, making strangers ask whether Moloch is acknowledged there still. It is said in a certain Cumberland dale, that when a farmer had driven all his live property through, he proceeded to drive his wife after the cows, saying he should then be free from all distempers."

Surely it was in an Irish valley that this last little precaution was taken. Further she tells us that "if a cock crow in the night, horror and grief seize on the household: some one is sure to die. If people meet a black ram they turn their money for luck"—but so do many elsewhere; and so did Sir Walter Scott: so that it does not absolutely follow (though we dare say it is to a great extent the fact) that "by occupying their minds and wasting their time on these silly superstitions, they keep true knowledge out?" Even though it be true, some allowance should be made for them when it is remembered that the peasantry in every isolated district, but especially all mountain dwellers, have ever been retentive of old superstitions. So again we think Miss Martineau a little hard in quoting the "cracks" of one dale against the dwellers in another, whom they wish to be thought somewhat more Boeotian than themselves. Thus though (p. 77) the men of Borrowdale may have built up a wall at the bottom of the grange to keep in the cuckoo, that they might enjoy perpetual spring in the dale, it is only what has been done either with cuckoo or nightingale, in all sorts of places from Gotham to the Isle of Man. And when she tells us as a proof of the marvellous mismanagement of a Cumberland dairy, that "there is plenty of testimony to the cheese striking fire like a flint," and that "in some places where the husbandmen wear clogs shod with iron, it is no uncommon thing to supply the absence of the iron with the crust of a dry cheese," it by no means follows that the dairy-maids are past improvement. Less than half a century ago you might have obtained abundant testimony from the borders of Wiltshire or Gloucestershire that Berkshire cheese was commonly used by ploughmen to make their plough-wedges with, yet even a Moonraker would hardly describe it as only fit for that purpose now; so that even if the present race be left to occupy the dale farms we may hope that some day, as Miss Martineau only anticipates from an improved tenantry, "Cumberland cheese may find a market and the butter may be in request."

We must, though we are sadly overrunning our bounds, notice another point very characteristic of the author. Speaking of a letter of Cowper's anonymous benefactor, Southey says he might have known it came from a female correspondent by the earnest inquiries and injunctions it contains concerning his health. So had this book been

anonymous we might have been sure it was from a feminine pen, by the repeated and most anxious advice and warning not to go anywhere almost, but not under any circumstances to ascend a mountain or traverse a pass without a guide. Over and over again the injunction is reiterated, and when it is finally given, when the ascent of Skiddaw is about to be described, it is prefaced by a more than usually solemn introduction: "There *must* be a guide,—be the day ever so clear, and the path ever so plain. Once for all, let us say in all earnestness, and with the most deliberate decision, that no kind of tourist should ever cross the higher passes, or ascend the mountains, without a guide. Surely lives enough have been lost, and there has been suffering and danger enough, short of fatal issue, to teach this lesson." Now this is really too bad. Lives may be lost and danger incurred anywhere by one who does not understand the task he is engaged on, and loses his self-possession. We have as great a contempt as any one can have for temerity; but half the gain of mountain rambling would be lost if it were to be admitted that the rambler is guilty of rashness and running heedlessly into danger who ventures to ascend a Cumberland mountain alone. We have climbed not only Skiddaw—which is of all mountains one of the easiest and least dangerous—but Helvellyn and Scawfell and many another without a guide and without harm, and as we thought till now with little trouble or risk; certainly it never occurred to us that we had accomplished any very formidable feat. When there are ladies, of course it would be foolish to go without a guide, but no one strange to the district would, we should think, be likely to do so. Nor where mountains are a novelty, or the nerves are not pretty firm, would it be prudent to venture. But with youth and strength, a steady foot and a keen eye, we believe that one of the most bracing exercises for mind and body is a good stiff self-reliant mountain climb. By all means take a guide if you have any hesitation, or if it be late in the day, or if the weather be doubtful; but if you have the day before you, a good map and pocket compass, a stout stick and a cool head, don't fear, young friend, to trust to yourself, or you will never know how much enjoyment or how much profit may be got out of a mountain climb; and be assured many of the innermost glories of a mountain region will never be revealed to you, if you do not venture about it except under professional surveillance. Professor Tyndall the other day, there being no guide at hand, just strapped a bottle of cold tea and a sandwich box across his shoulders, and forthwith climbed alone to the summit of Monte Rosa; and are we to be told that a young man does a censurable act, who, at no improper season, ventures without a guide up Skiddaw, the way to the top of which is nearly as clear as to the top of Primrose? Miss Martineau of course is able to narrate many mishaps which have occurred to incautious or incapable travellers; and she more than once refers decisively to an unlucky tourist who, after spending a whole day in a vain attempt to get away from Kirkfell, found himself at the close of the day at the very spot he started from at its commencement—having gone entirely round the base of the mountain. But who has not heard of almost as dismal an accident happening to the venturesome stranger roving unguided over our South Downs or Cotswold Hills? Why, we remember rescuing one dewy eve "a fat and puffy citizen" from what he called a "quandary" in the New Forest, where he had been the better part of a summer's day circumnavigating a certain beech grove, to a particular tree in which, he had, to his horror, every hour or two found himself coming round again, whilst seeking to discover Rufus's stone, or a way back to his inn. And not many years ago, but before the railway came thither, we knew of a couple of valorous visitors to the sea-side who, having spent a comfortable day at Lewes, resolved to return in the cool of the evening to Brighton on foot across the Downs, and after persevering all night found themselves at day-break on the hill behind the town they had set out from the day before: yes, there are perils for the traveller else-

where as well as among the Cumberland mountains, Miss Martineau—and no doubt he who takes a guide will escape many of them: but don't frown so desperately at the man who ventures to brave the perils of the fells—he may escape unscathed, and if not, why many a better man has lost his way before him.

But we must positively stop. We meant when we commenced this review to have briefly noticed Miss Martineau's book as an introduction to some remarks on Mountain Scenery, and the way in which painters and engravers represent and misrepresent our British lakes and fells; but, like the Dutchman who meant to leap the brook, we have exhausted our breath (that is our space) in the preliminary run, and must defer our dissertation to a more convenient season. The reader, therefore, who may think this article somewhat out of place under the heading *Fine Arts*, may find some solace in the assurance that it was intended to be particularly in place there.

Yet we cannot part with the book without another word on its illustrations. The coloured prints we may dismiss at once; they are stark naught—poor in form and detestable in colour, as all but a few of the very best colour-printed landscapes always are. The steel engravings are much better, but they are too conventional; the mountains too sharply peaked and spiry, the adjuncts too formal. Much more faithfully are the mountain lines portrayed in Mr. Aspland's outlines, which would be invaluable assistants to the solitary rambler. But by far the most numerous and the most characteristic of the engravings are the little woodcut vignettes which are sprinkled over almost every page. They are extremely pretty, often very effective, and capitally printed. We wish we could go further in their praise, for on the part of the publisher even more than of the artist they display a thoroughly creditable intention. But their drawing and engraving are far from satisfactory, though in both respects they are equal to most of the landscape woodcuts issued now-a-days. The chief thing aimed at appears to be a certain striking "effect." The height and peaked character of the mountain summits are exaggerated, and the exquisite varieties of surface in rock and heath and mossy verdure, in cloud and mist, in rushing stream and falling water, and silvery lake and distant fell, are almost entirely lost. They are described as "drawn and engraved under the superintendence" of an artist of undoubted ability, but whose eye seems to have been spoiled by practice on the coarse bold work required for the illustrated newspapers. What is wanted in such dainty little vignettes as these is the honest loving labour, the endless play of line and delicacy of touch, of our older wood-engravers, and not the rude, hard, continuous machine-ruling journey-work process current among the present race of wood-engravers, and which is so sorry a mockery of the infinite variety of nature. Not, however, to cast so hard a stone at parting, we will repeat that the book forms a most desirable souvenir of the English Lakes, being at once one of the best written and the fullest of local information, and the handsomest in itself and its embellishments, of any yet published on the Lake District.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The following is Lord Brougham's address at the inauguration of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, at Grantham, on Tuesday last:—

To record the names and preserve the memory of those whose great achievements in science, in arts, or in arms have conferred benefits and lustre upon our kind, has in all ages been regarded as a duty and felt as a gratification by wise and reflecting men. The desire of inspiring an ambition to emulate such examples generally mingles itself with these sentiments; but they cease not to operate even in the rare instances of transcendent merit, where matchless genius excludes all possibility of imitation, and nothing remains but wonder in those who contemplate its triumphs at a distance that

forbids all attempts to approach. We are this day assembled to commemorate him of whom the consent of nations has declared that he is chargeable with nothing like a follower's exaggeration or local partiality, who pronounces the name of Newton as that of the greatest genius ever bestowed by the bounty of Providence for instructing mankind on the frame of the universe, and the laws by which it is governed:

"Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes Restinxit; stellas exortus uti etherius sol."—LVC.

"In genius who surpassed mankind as far As does the mid-day sun the midnight star."—DREYDEN.

But, though scaling these lofty heights be hopeless, yet is there some use and much gratification in contemplating by what steps he ascended. Tracing his course of action may help others to gain the lower eminences lying within their reach, while admiration excited and curiosity satisfied are frames of mind both wholesome and pleasing. Nothing new, it is true, can be given in narrative, hardly anything in reflection, less still perhaps in comment or illustration; but it is well to assemble in one view various parts of the vast subject, with the surrounding circumstances, whether accidental or intrinsic, and to mark in passing the misconceptions raised by individual ignorance or national prejudice which the historian of science occasionally finds crossing his path. The remark is common and is obvious, that the genius of Newton did not manifest itself at a very early age. His faculties were not, like those of some great and many ordinary individuals, precociously developed. Among the former, Clairaut stands pre-eminent, who at 19 years of age presented to the Royal Academy a memoir of great originality upon a difficult subject in the higher geometry, and at 18 published his great work on curves of double curvature, composed during the two preceding years. Pascal, too, at 16, wrote an excellent treatise on conic sections. That Newton cannot be ranked in this respect with those extraordinary persons is owing to the accidents which prevented him from entering upon mathematical study before his 18th year; and then a much greater marvel was wrought than even the Clairauts and the Pascals displayed. His earliest history is involved in some obscurity, and the most celebrated of men has, in this particular, been compared to the most celebrated of rivers (the Nile), as if the course of both in its feeble state had been concealed from mortal eyes. We have it, however, well ascertained that within four years, between the age of 18 and 22, he had begun to study mathematic science, and had taken his place among its greatest masters; learnt for the first time the elements of geometry and analysis, and discovered a calculus which entirely changed the face of the science, effecting a complete revolution in that and in every branch of philosophy connected with it. Before 1661, he had not read "Euclid;" in 1665, he had committed to writing the method of fluxions. At 25 years of age, he had discovered the law of gravitation, and laid the foundation of celestial dynamics, the science created by him. Before 10 years had elapsed, he added to his discoveries that of the fundamental properties of light. So brilliant a course of discovery in so short a time, changing and reconstructing analytical, astronomical, and optical science, almost defies belief. The statement could only be deemed possible by an appeal to the incontestable evidence that proves it strictly true. By a rare felicity these doctrines gained the universal assent of mankind as soon as they were clearly understood; and their originality has never been seriously called in question. Some doubts having been raised respecting his inventing the calculus—doubts raised in consequence of his so long withholding the publication of his method—no sooner was the inquiry instituted than the evidence produced proved so decisive that all men in all countries acknowledged him to have been by several years the earliest inventor, and Leibnitz at the utmost the first publisher, the only questions raised being, first, whether or not he had borrowed from Newton; and next, whether, as second inventor, he could have any merit at

all,—both which questions have long since been decided in favour of Leibnitz. But undeniable though it be that Newton made the great steps of this progress, and made them without any anticipation or participation by others, it is equally certain that there had been approaches in former times by preceding philosophers to the same discoveries. Cavalieri, by his Geometry of Indivisibles (1635), Roberval, by his Method of Tangents (1367), had both given solutions which Descartes could not attempt; and it is remarkable that Cavalieri regarded curves as polygons, surfaces as composed of lines, while Roberval viewed geometrical quantities as generated by motion; so that the one approached to the differential calculus, the other to fluxions; and Fermat, in the interval between them, comes still nearer the great discovery by his determination of *maxima* and *minima*, and his drawing of tangents. More recently Hudden had made public similar methods invented by Schoetlin; and what is material, treating the subject algebraically, while those just now mentioned had rather dealt with it geometrically. It is thus easy to perceive how near an approach had been made to the calculus before the great event of its final discovery. There had in like manner been approaches made to the law of gravitation, and the dynamical system of the universe. Galileo's important propositions on motion, especially on curvilinear motion, and Kepler's laws upon the elliptical form of the planetary orbits, the proportion of the areas to the times, and of the periodic times to the mean distances; and Huygens's theorems on centrifugal forces had been followed by still nearer approaches to the doctrine of attraction. Borelli had distinctly ascribed the motion of satellites to their being drawn towards the principal planets, and thus prevented from flying off by the centrifugal force. Even the composition of white light, and the different action of bodies upon its component parts, had been vaguely conjectured by Ant. de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, at the beginning, and more precisely in the middle of the 17th century by Marcus (Kronland of Prague), unknown to Newton, who only refers to the Archbishop's work; while the treatise of Huygens on light, Grimaldi's observations on colours by inflexion, as well as on the elongation of the image in the prismatic spectrum, had been brought to his attention, although much less near to his own great discovery than Marcus's experiment. But all this only shows that the discoveries of Newton, great and rapid as were the steps by which they advanced our knowledge, yet obeyed the law of continuity, or rather of gradual progress, which governs all human approaches towards perfection. The limited nature of man's faculties precludes the possibility of his ever reaching at once the utmost excellence of which they are capable. Survey the whole circle of the sciences, and trace the history of our progress in each, you find this to be the universal rule. In chymical philosophy, the dreams of the Alchemists prepared the way for the more rational, though erroneous, theory of Stahl; and it was by repeated improvements that his errors, so long prevalent, were at length exploded, giving place to the sound doctrine which is now established. The great discoveries of Black and Priestly on heat and aeriform fluids, had been preceded by the happy conjectures of Newton and the experiments of others. Nay, Voltaire had well nigh discovered both the absorption of heat, the constitution of the atmosphere, and the oxydation of metals; and by a few more trials might have ascertained it. Cuivier had been preceded by inquirers who took sound views of fossil osteology, among whom, the truly original genius of Hunter fills the foremost place. The inductive system of Bacon had been, at least in its practice, known to his predecessors. Observations, and even experiments, were not unknown to the ancient philosophers, though mingled with gross errors; in early times, almost in the dark ages, experimental inquiries had been carried on with success by Friar Bacon, and that method actually recommended in a treatise, as it was two centuries later by Leonardo da Vinci, and at the latter end of the

next century Gilbert examined the whole subject of magnetic action entirely by experiments. So that Lord Bacon's claim to be regarded as the father of modern philosophy rests upon the important, the invaluable step of reducing to a system the method of investigation adopted by those eminent men, generalising it, and extending its application to all matters of contingent truth, exploding the errors, the absurd dogmas, and fantastic subtleties of the ancient schools, above all, confining the subject of our inquiry, and the manner of conducting it, within the limits which our faculties prescribe. Nor is this great law of gradual progress confined to the physical sciences; in the moral it equally governs. Before the foundations of political economy were laid by Hume and Smith a great step had been made by the French philosophers, disciples of Quesnai; but a nearer approach to sound principles had signalled the labours of Gournay, and those labours had been shared, and his doctrines patronised by Turgot when Chief Minister. Again, in constitutional policy, see by what slow degrees, from its first rude elements, the attendance of feudal tenants at their lord's court, and the summons of burghers to grant supplies of money, the great discovery of modern times in the science of practical politics has been effected, the representative scheme which enables states of any extent to enjoy popular government, and allows mixed monarchy to be established, combining freedom with order, a plan pronounced by the statesmen and writers of antiquity to be of hardly possible formation, and wholly impossible continuance. The globe itself, as well as the science of its inhabitants, has been explored according to the law which forbids a sudden and rapid leaping forward, and decrees that each successive step, prepared by the last, shall facilitate the next. Even Columbus followed several successful discoverers on a smaller scale, and is by some believed to have had, unknown to him, a predecessor in the great exploit by which he pierced the night of ages, and unfolded a new world to the eyes of the old. The arts afford no exception to the general law. Demosthenes had eminent forerunners, Pericles the last of them. Homer must have had predecessors of great merit, though doubtless as far surpassed by him as Fra Bartolomeo and Pietro Perugino were by Michael Angelo and Raphael. Dante owed much to Virgil; he may be allowed to have owed, through his Latin mentor, not a little to the old Grecian; and Milton had both the orators and the poets of the ancient world for his predecessors and his masters. The art of war itself is no exception to the rule. The plan of bringing an overpowering force to bear on a given point had been tried occasionally before Frederick II. reduced it to a system; and the Wellingtons and Napoleons of our own day made it the foundation of their strategy, as it had also been previously the mainspring of our naval tactics. It has oftentimes been held that the invention of logarithms stands alone in the history of science, as having been preceded by no step leading towards the discovery. There is, however, great inaccuracy in this statement, for not only was the doctrine of infinitesimals familiar to its illustrious author, and the relation of geometrical to arithmetical series well known, but he had himself struck out several methods of great ingenuity and utility (as that known by the name of Napier's Bones)—methods that are now forgotten, eclipsed as they were by the consummation which has immortalised his name. So the inventive powers of Watt, preceded as he was by Worcester and Newcomen, but far more materially by Caus and Papin, had been exercised on some admirable contrivances, now forgotten, before he made the step which created the steam-engine anew—not only the parallel motion, possibly a corollary to the proposition on circular motion in the "Principia," but the separate condensation, and above all, the governor, perhaps the most exquisite of mechanical inventions; and now we have those here present who apply the like principle to the diffusion of knowledge, aware, as they must be, that its expansion has the same happy effect naturally of preventing mischief from its excess

which the skill of the great mechanist gave artificially to steam, thus rendering his engine as safe as it is powerful. The grand difference, then, between one discovery or invention and another is in degree rather than in kind; the degree in which a person, while he outstrips those whom he comes after, also lives, as it were, before his age. Nor can any doubt exist that, in this respect, Newton stands at the head of all who have extended the bounds of knowledge. The sciences of dynamics and of optics are especially to be regarded in this point of view; but the former in particular; and the completeness of the system which he unfolded, its having been at the first elaborated and given in perfection, its having, however new, stood the test of time, and survived, may gained by the most rigorous scrutiny, can be predicated of this system alone, at least in the same degree. That the calculus, and those parts of dynamics which are purely mathematical, should thus endure for ever is a matter of course. But his system of the universe rests partly upon contingent truths, and might have yielded to new experiments and more extended observation. Nay, at times it has been thought to fail, and further investigation was deemed requisite to ascertain if any error had been introduced—if any circumstance had escaped the notice of the great founder. The most memorable instance of this kind is the discrepancy supposed to have been found between the theory and the fact in the motion of the lunar apses, which about the middle of the last century occupied the three first analysts of the age. The error was discovered by themselves to have been their own in the process of their investigation; and this, like all the other doubts that were ever momentarily entertained, only led in each instance to new and more brilliant triumphs of the system. The prodigious superiority in this cardinal point of the Newtonian to other discoveries appears manifest upon examining almost any of the chapters in the history of science. Successive improvements have, by extending our views, constantly displaced the system that appeared firmly established. To take a familiar instance, how little remains of Lavoisier's doctrine of combustion and acidification, except the negative positions, the subversion of the system of Stahl! The substance having most eminently the properties of an acid (chlorine) is found to have no oxygen at all, while many substances abounding in oxygen, including alkalis themselves, have no acid property whatever; and without the access of oxygenous or of any other gas heat and flame are produced in excess. The doctrines of free trade had not long been promulgated by Smith before Bentham demonstrated that his exception of usury was groundless; and his theory has been repeatedly proved erroneous on colonial establishments, as well as his exception to it on the navigation laws; and the imperfection of his views on the nature of rent is undeniable, as well as on the principle of population. In these and such instances as these it would not be easy to find in the original doctrines the means of correcting subsequent errors, or the germs of extended discovery. But even if philosophers finally adopt the undulatory theory of light instead of the atomic, it must be borne in mind that Newton gave the first elements of it by the well-known proposition in the 8th section of the Second Book of the "Principia," the scholium to that section also indicating his expectation that it would be applied to optical science; while M. Biot has shown how the doctrine of fits of reflection and transmission tallies with polarisation, if not with undulation also. But the most marvellous attribute of Newton's discoveries is that in which they stand out prominent among all the other tests of scientific research, stamped with the peculiarity of his intellectual character; they were, their great author lived before his age, anticipating in part what was long after wholly accomplished, and thus unfolding some things which at the time could be but imperfectly, others not at all comprehended, and not rarely pointing out the path and affording the means of treading it, to the ascertainment of truths then veiled in

darkness. He not only enlarged the actual dominion of knowledge, penetrating to regions never before explored, and taking with a firm hand undisputed possession; but he showed how the bounds of the visible horizon might be yet further extended, and enabled his successors to occupy what he could only descry; as the illustrious discoverer of the new world made the inhabitants of the old cast their eyes over lands and seas far distant from those he had traversed; lands and seas of which they could form to themselves no conception, any more than they had been able to comprehend the course by which he led them on his grand enterprise. In this achievement, and in the qualities which alone made it possible, inexhaustible fertility of resources, patience unsubdued, close meditation that would suffer no distraction, steady determination to pursue paths that seemed all but hopeless, and unflinching courage to declare the truths they led to, how far soever removed from ordinary apprehension—in these characteristics of high and original genius, we may be permitted to compare the career of those great men. But Columbus did not invent the mariner's compass as Newton did the instrument which guided his course, and enabled him to make his discoveries, and his successors to extend them by closely following his directions in using it. Nor did the compass suffice to the great navigator without making any observations, though he dared to steer without a chart; while it is certain that by the philosopher's instrument, his discoveries were extended over the whole system of the universe, determining the masses, the forms, and the motions of all its parts by the mere inspection of abstract calculations, and formulas analytically deduced. The two great improvements in this instrument which have been made—the calculus of variations by Euler and La Grange, the method of partial differences by D'Alembert—we have every reason to believe were known at least in part to Newton himself. His having solved an isoperimetric problem (finding the line whose revolution forms the solid of least resistance), shows clearly that he must have made the co-ordinates of the generating curve vary, and his construction agrees exactly with the equation given by that calculus. That he must have tried the process of integrating by parts in attempting to generalise the inverse problem of central forces before he had recourse to the geometrical approximation which he has given, and also when he sought the means of ascertaining the comet's path, which he has termed by far the most difficult of problems, is eminently probable, when we consider how naturally that method flows from the ordinary process for differentiating compound quantities, by supposing each variable in succession constant; in short, differentiating by parts. As to the calculus of variations having substantially been known to him no doubt can be entertained. Again, in estimating the ellipticity of the earth, he proceeded upon the assumption of a proposition of which he gave no demonstration (any more than he had done of the isoperimetric problem) that the ratio of the centrifugal force to gravitation determines the ellipticity. Half a century later that which no one before knew to be true, which many probably considered to be erroneous, was examined by one of his most distinguished followers, Maclaurin, and demonstrated most satisfactorily to be true. Newton had not failed to perceive the necessary effects of gravitation in producing other phenomena beside the regular motion of the planets and their satellites in their course round their several centres of attraction. One of these phenomena, wholly unsuspected before the discovery of the general law, is the alternate movement to and fro of the earth's axis, in consequence of the solar (and also of the lunar) attraction combined with the earth's motion. This libration, or nutation, distinctly announced by him as the result of the theory, was not found by actual observation to exist till 60 years and upwards had elapsed, when Bradley proved the fact. The great discoveries which have been made by La Grange and La Place upon the results of disturbing forces have established

the law of periodical variation of orbits, which secures the stability of the system by prescribing a *maximum* and a *minimum* amount of deviation; and this is not a contingent, but a necessary truth, by rigorous demonstration, the inevitable result of undoubted *data* in point of fact, the eccentricities of the orbits, the directions of the motions, and the movement in one plane of a certain position. That wonderful proposition of Newton, which, with its corollaries, may be said to give the whole doctrine of disturbing forces, has been little more than applied and extended by the labours of succeeding geometers. Indeed, La Place, struck with wonder at one of his comprehensive general statements on disturbing forces in another proposition, has not hesitated to assert that it contains the germ of La Grange's celebrated inquiry exactly a century after the "Principia" was given to the world. The wonderful powers of generalisation, combined with the boldness of never shrinking from a conclusion that seemed the legitimate result of his investigations—how new and even startling soever it might appear,—was strikingly shown in that memorable inference which he drew from optical phenomena, that the diamond is "an unctuous substance coagulated;" subsequent discoveries having proved both that such substances are carbonaceous, and that the diamond is crystallised carbon; and the foundations of mechanical chemistry were laid by him with the boldest induction and most felicitous anticipations of what has since been effected. The solution of the inverse problem of disturbing forces has led Le Verrier and Adams to the discovery of a new planet, merely by deductions from the manner in which the notions of an old one are affected, and its orbit has been so calculated that observers could find it—nay, its disc as measured by them only varies 1-1,200 of a degree from the amount given by the theory. Moreover, when Newton gave his estimate of the earth's density, he wrote a century before Maskelyne, and by measuring the force of gravitation in the Scotch mountains, gave the proportion to water as 4.716 to 1; and, many years after, by experiments with mechanical apparatus, Cavendish (1798) corrected this to 5.48, and Baily, more recently (1842), to 5.66, Newton having given the proportion as between five and six times. In these instances he only showed the way, and anticipated the result of future inquiry by his followers. But the oblate figure of the earth affords an example of the same kind, with this difference, that here he has himself perfected the discovery, and nearly completed the demonstration. From the mutual gravitation of the particles which form its mass, combined with their motion round its axis, he deduced the proposition that it must be flattened at the poles; and he calculated the proportion of its polar to its equatorial diameter. By a most refined process he gave this proportion upon the supposition of the mass being homogeneous. That the proportion is different in consequence of the mass being heterogeneous does not in the least affect the soundness of his conclusion. Accurate measurements of a degree of latitude in the equatorial and polar regions, with experiments on the force of gravitation in those regions, by the different lengths of a pendulum vibrating seconds, have shown that the excess of the equatorial diameter is about 11 miles less than he had deduced it from the theory; and thus that the globe is not homogeneous. But on the assumption of a fluid mass, the ground of his hydrostatical investigation, his proportion of 229 to 230 remains unshaken, and is precisely the one adopted and reasoned from by Laplace, after all the improvements and all the discoveries of later times. Surely at this we may well stand amazed, if not awe-struck. A century of study, of improvement, of discovery has passed away, and we find La Place, master of all the new resources of the calculus, and occupying the heights to which the labours of Euler, Clairaut, D'Alembert, and La Grange have enabled us to ascend, adopting the Newtonian fraction of 1-230 as the accurate solution of this speculative problem. New measurements have been undertaken upon a vast

scale, patronised by the munificence of rival Governments—new experiments have been performed with approved apparatus of exquisite delicacy—new observations have been accumulated, with glasses far exceeding any powers possessed by the resources of optics in the days of him to whom the science of optics, as well as dynamics owes its origin; the theory and the fact have thus been compared and reconciled together in more perfect harmony; but that theory has remained unimproved, and the great principle of gravitation, with its most sublime results, now stands in the attitude, and of the dimensions, and with the symmetry which both the law and its application received at once from the mighty hand of its immortal author. But the contemplation of Newton's discoveries raises other feelings than wonder at his matchless genius. The light with which it shines is not more dazzling than useful. The difficulties of his course and his expedients, alike copious and refined for surmounting them, exercise the faculties of the wise while commanding their admiration. But the results of his investigations, often abstruse, are truths so grand and comprehensive, yet so plain, that they both captivate and instruct the simple. The gratitude, too, which they inspire, and the veneration with which they encircle his name, far from tending to obstruct future improvement, only proclaim his disciples the zealous because rational followers of one whose example both encouraged and enabled his successors to make further progress. How unlike the blind devotion to a master which for so many ages of the modern world paralysed the energies of the human mind!—

"Had we still paid that homage to a name
Which only God and Nature justly claim,
The western seas had been our utmost bond,
And poets still might dream the sun was drown'd,
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admired by none but savage eyes."

Nor let it be imagined that the feelings of wonder excited by contemplating the achievements of this great man are in any degree whatever the result of national partiality, and confined to the country which glories in having given him birth. The language which expresses her veneration is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that in which other nations give utterance to theirs; not merely by the general voice, but by the well-considered and well-informed judgment of the masters of science. Leibnitz, when asked at the Royal table in Berlin his opinion of Newton, said that, "taking mathematicians from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half." "The 'Principia' will ever remain a monument of the profound genius which revealed to us the greatest law of the universe," are the words of La Place. "That work stands pre-eminent above all the other productions of the human mind." "The discovery of that simple and general law by the greatness and the variety of the objects which it embraces confers honour upon the intellect of man." La Grange, we are told by D'Alembert, was wont to describe Newton as the greatest genius that ever existed, but to add how fortunate he was also, "because there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish." "Never," says the father of the Institute of France—one filling a high place among the most eminent of its members—"Never," says M. Biot, "was the supremacy of intellect so justly established and so fully confessed. In mathematical and in experimental science without an equal and without an example, combining the genius for both in its highest degree." The "Principia" he terms the greatest work ever produced by the mind of man, adding, in the words of Halley, "that a nearer approach to the Divine nature has not been permitted to mortals." "In first giving to the world Newton's method of fluxions," says Fontenelle, "Leibnitz did like Prometheus,—he stole fire from heaven to bestow it upon men." "Does Newton," L'Hôpital asked, "sleep and wake like other men? I figure him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter." To so renowned

a benefactor of the world, thus exalted to the loftiest place by the common consent of all men,—one whose life, without the intermission of an hour, was passed in the search after truths the most important, and at whose hands the human race had only received good, never evil—no memorial has been raised by those nations which erected statues to the tyrants and conquerors, the scourges of mankind, whose lives were passed, not in the pursuit of truth, but the practice of falsehood; or across whose lips, if truth ever chanced to stray towards some selfish end, it surely failed to obtain belief; who, to slake their insane thirst of power or of pre-eminence, trampled on the rights and squandered the blood of their fellow-creatures; whose course, like the lightning, blasted while it dazzled; and who, reversing the Roman Emperor's noble regret, deemed the day lost that saw the sun go down upon their forbearance—no victim deceived, or betrayed, or oppressed. That the worshippers of such pestilent genius should consecrate to the memory of the most illustrious of men no outward symbol of the admiration they freely confessed, is not matter of wonder. But that his own countrymen, justly proud of having lived in his time, should have left this duty to their successors, after a century and a-half of professed veneration and lip homage, may well be deemed strange. The inscription upon the cathedral, masterpiece of his celebrated friend's architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect. "If you seek for a monument look around." "If you seek for a monument lift up your eyes to the heavens which show forth his fame." Nor when we recollect the Greek orator's exclamation—"The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men," can we stop short of declaring that the whole universe is Newton's. Yet in raising the statue which preserves his likeness, near the place of his birth, on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same state, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and so piously resolved to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplations, both philosophical and sublime.

At the conclusion of the noble and learned lord's address he was presented by the Mayor with a copy of Newton's "Principia," and the invited visitors then proceeded to the Exchange Rooms, where a substantial *déjeuner* had been provided.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In a former number of the *Literary Gazette* (page 309), we gave some account of the mode in which the people of the United States were celebrating the union of the two countries by the submersion of the Atlantic Cable; and we mentioned that the municipality of New York intended to give a grand banquet in honour of the event, at which the British minister, Lord Napier, would be present. The banquet took place at the Metropolitan Hotel on the evening of the 2nd inst., the Mayor presiding. It should be premised that at that time the misfortune which has happened to the cable was not even suspected in New York—nor, indeed, in London—as Mr. Seward's letter, by which it was first officially announced, was only sent from Valencia on the 4th. What has since occurred does not in the least detract from the value of Lord Napier's speech—a speech which has worthily received as much approval on this side the Atlantic as upon the other.

In reply to the following toast—"The Government and People of Great Britain and Ireland, joined to us in the Court of Neptune: may the Nuptial never be put asunder"—

Lord NAPIER said,—"When I received Her Majesty's orders to proceed to the United States, I flattered myself that I entered upon my duties at an auspicious time, and I cherished a hope that the period of my residence might be co-

incident with that solid and hearty reconciliation of our respective countries which the tendencies of the age transparently indicated to be near at hand. Nor have I been disappointed. The course of political affairs since my arrival has, indeed, exhibited some asperities which it was impossible to foresee, and which could not be regarded without concern; but, gentlemen, I now hail in the event which we are met to celebrate a glorious compensation for past anxieties and an important security against future dangers. To be the contemporary and spectator of this great monument in human progress is alone a cause of honour and exultation. The triumph in which your distinguished guests have so high a share does not only confer on them the celebrity and affection which mankind bestow on their purest benefactors—such a triumph gives to the protecting Governments a claim to public gratitude and historic commendation, it adorns and dignifies the nations and the time in which it is wrought, it imparts to thousands the generous contagion of enterprise, it teaches the universal lesson of faith, patience, and perseverance; it infuses into men's souls a sense of conscious worth, and pours on all, however humble and remote, the glow of reflected fame. I question whether any single achievement has ever united more features of interest and utility. All the elements of adventure, difficulty, and hazard have been here assembled which could arrest the imagination, and no virtue has been wanting which could satisfy the judgment and captivate the heart. Long will those scenes remain dear to the popular memory. With what admiration do we contemplate the cheerful enthusiasm of Field, inspiring shareholders and Admirals with kindred zeal, undiscouraged by the hostility of nature and the frowns of science, divining success where others denounced defeat, and carrying off the palm before an incredulous though sympathising world. (Cheers.) What encounter on the sea can compare with that last meeting of the confederate ships when the knot was knitt which shall never be rent asunder? How anxiously do we follow the *Gorgon* on her constant course, and watch the *Niagara* threading the icebergs and traversing the gloom upon her consort's helpful track! We tremble for the overburdened *Agamemnon*, still tormented by the gale. We blend our aspirations with the worthier prayers of Hudson, when he kneels like Columbus on the shore, and invokes the Divine protection on his accomplished work. (Loud applause.) Nor is the moral aspect of this great action marred by any mean infirmity. Here there is nothing to obliterate, nothing to deplore. The conduct of the agents exemplifies the purposes of the deed: with manly emulation but inviolate concord, they cast forth upon the waters the instrument and the symbol of our future harmony. (Cheers.) This is not the place to demonstrate the usefulness of telegraphic communication in the practice of Government and commerce, and its numerous consolations in matters of private affection. I content myself with recognising its value in international transactions. Something may be detracted from the frictions of diplomacy, but much will undoubtedly be gained for the peace of nations. By this means the highest intelligence and authority on either side will be brought into immediate contact, and whatever errors belong to the employment of subordinate and delegated agencies may be prevented or promptly corrected. By this means many of the evils incidental to uncertainty and delay may be cancelled, offences may be instantly disavowed, omissions may be supplied, misapprehensions may be explained, and in matters of unavoidable controversy we may be spared the exasperating effects of discussion proceeding on an imperfect knowledge of facts and motives. In addition to these specific safeguards, it may be hoped that the mere habit of rapid and intimate intercourse will greatly conduce to the preservation of a good understanding. On the one hand stands England, the most opulent and vigorous of monarchies, on whose scant but incomparable soil lie compacted the materials of a boundless industry; on the other the republic of the United States,

founded by the same race, fired by the same ambition, whose increase defies comparison, and whose destinies will baffle prediction itself. (Cheers.) We cannot doubt that these fraternal communities are fated to enjoy an immense expansion of mutual life; the instant interchange of opinion, intelligence, and commodities will become a condition almost inseparable from existence; and whatever stimulates this development will oppose a powerful obstacle to the rupture of pacific relations. No man of common liberality and penetration will question the position and certain merits of a discovery which has connected England with America, and America with the whole civilised world besides. I would not darken the legitimate satisfaction of the present moment by uttering a reluctant or sceptical estimate of our new faculty. Yet, even in this hour of careless and convivial felicitation we shall do well to remember that the magnetic telegraph forms no exception to the category of inventions which, however apt and proper, and willing to be the vehicles of benevolent designs, are also the unresisting tools of every blind or intemperate impulse in our nature. The votaries of a querulous philosophy speciously assert the unequal march of morality and mind; and even a poet has affirmed, in foreboding verse, that all the train of arts which have reduced the material elements to be the vassals of our will:—

“Heal not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human races.”

It belongs to our respective countries and to the present age to confound that speculation which would divide knowledge from virtue and inquiry from improvement. The labour will not be light, nor is the eventual victory everywhere apparent, yet there is one province of affairs in which the task would be easy, and the triumph within our grasp. It depends on us, on our will, on our choice, to carry into perpetual effect the sentiment which the hon. chairman has associated with his toast; it depends on us to strike out for ever from the sum of public and social embarrassments all the contingencies of a collision between England and America. If we should not employ our unprecedented powers in a friendly spirit, if we should hereafter offer unreflecting provocation, and conceive hasty resentment; if every transient cloud which ascends on the political sky be hailed as the prognostic of a destructive storm; if we should make haste to unlock the well of bitter waters, and to raise the phantoms of extinct pretensions and buried wrongs, then would this memorable effort of ingenuity and toil be partly cast away. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I am confident that we shall pursue a very different course. The Queen has sent tidings of goodwill to the President, and the President has made corresponding answer to the Queen. (Cheers.) Those messages must not be dead inscriptions in our archives; they must be fruitful maxims in our hearts. (Cheers.) Let our Government be considerate in their resolutions; let the orators and writers of one country comment upon the institutions, the policy, and the tendencies of the other in a candid and gentle spirit. Let the negotiators of both approach the adjustment of disputed questions, not with a tenacious regard to paltry advantages, but with a broad view of general and beneficent results. Then, gentlemen, the subtle forces of nature will not have been explored in vain, and we shall give a worthy office to those subjugated and ministering powers which by Divine permission fly and labour at our command. The manifestation of respect for the Queen which you have given to-night, and which has been apparent throughout these celebrations, will be highly appreciated by her Majesty and by her faithful subjects, who observe with pride that the virtues of their sovereign have won back the spontaneous homage of a free nation. The Ministers of Great Britain will correctly estimate the momentous import of an enterprise to which they gave an effective support, and will, I am well assured, transport into our official relations the cordial sentiments which animate the English people towards their American kindred. I tender you my sincere thanks for the honourable welcome granted to my countrymen and to myself. You

have conferred on us a favour which we shall ever acknowledge, for your goodness has enabled us to associate our names and voices, however feebly and afar off, with an event which must have an everlasting and benignant significance. We are all firmly persuaded that there exists here a deep and warm attachment to the mother country, gathering strength with time and rejoicing to obtain a commensurate return. As the grateful, though inadequate representatives of the British empire, we declare that the bands which are joined to-day are joined in sincerity, and the grasp which we have felt we desire to be eternal.”

At the conclusion of his lordship's address, which was listened to with deep attention, the guests rose with one consent and gave three hearty cheers.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. Leigh Murray has once more become a member of the company at this house, and made his first appearance on Thursday night as the hero of Mr. Falconer's new comedy, *Extremes, or Men of the Day*, hitherto played by the author himself, not a little to the disadvantage of the general impression produced by the entire work. The dull prosaic figure that erst stalked and prated through the comedy, striving in vain to procure an interest in the fortunes of *Frank Hawthorn* has happily retired, to confine itself entirely to the more congenial atmosphere of the manager's room, and has given place to an animated, graceful, and courteous gentleman, who can enforce a moral without the twang of the conventicle, and turn back the edge of an impertinent sarcasm in a tone of delicate irony or temperate firmness, and without the offensive swagger of a conversational athlete. It is justice to the author to say that, represented as it is now, all that was chiefly objectionable in his work has disappeared, and that its very distinguished merits have now their full play. We are happy to record the very warm reception with which Mr. Leigh Murray was greeted on his first appearance, marking the high estimation in which that gentleman's talents are justly held by the public and which it only depends upon himself still further to enhance, by continuing to exhibit the power of grasping, and elaborately working out, with every evidence of careful study, a new character of such importance as this his last impersonation; which, excellent as it was, will necessarily improve in the absence of the nervousness naturally felt in a first performance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This establishment has re-opened for the winter season, but with no novelty hitherto—that is to say, none behind the curtain. Before it, there is the very welcome novelty of increased comfort and accommodation for the public. This side of a manager's duty is too often neglected; and the fact is not the only one which presents an instance of how little in England that functionary understands his true interests.

STRAND THEATRE.—There is a marked disposition in Miss Swanborough's management to “keep the game alive,” and in this very laudable tendency she has found a valuable abettor in Mr. Charles Selby, who, as actor and author, not only provides a rapid succession of very excellent dishes, but helps to carve them with practised dexterity. He has this week followed up the successful little comedy of the *The Last of the Pigstails*, with which his debut on these diminutive boards was inaugurated, by a no less successful and agreeable contribution in the shape of a musical interlude, entitled *The Bonnie Fish Wife*, wherein he has not only suited himself with a very well-fitting little part, but has also taken measure with excellent discretion of Miss M. Oliver's various and very engaging qualifications. The assumption of a disguise by a young lady, either to captivate, disgust, or put to the proof a lover, is no very novel groundwork for dramatic action; but it is used in the present instance with so much felicity

and the means employed appear so little forced, that the effect of an entirely new idea is produced. The lady who has recourse to the artifice in question, is young, rich, and handsome; but having been selected for the future bride of a *Mr. Wildoats Heartycheer*, by his father *Sir Hicory Heartycheer*, and not by that gentleman himself, though totally unknown to him, he imagines her to be all that is repulsive and disagreeable, and makes off to Scotland to avoid carrying out his father's wishes. *Miss Thistlewood*, so is the fair one called, is however his inevitable doom, and every step he takes only brings him nearer to the most acceptable but dreaded destiny. It has so fallen out that personally the interesting couple are not so unknown to each other as one of them imagines, *Miss Thistlewood* having, during a previous visit to Scotland, fascinated *Mr. Heartycheer* in the guise of a Newhaven fishwife, and still dwelling in his memory as an image full of tender suggestions. The spurned young lady, therefore, determines to be once more the admired fishwife, and to win her slippery intended in one shape, to wear him in another. Old *Sir Hicory* is taken into the plot, and materially assists its design by assuming the character of a savage and half-mad old Highlander, the father of the “bonnie fishwife,” who, catching his real son making love to his pretended daughter, storms and raves in so horrible a manner, pours out such a portentous torrent of Gaelic gutturals, and flourishes his claymore so formidably, that young *Heartycheer's* courtship, which had already taken a very serious turn, at once ripens into a downright proposal—eagerly and joyfully accepted of course. The Scotch lassie forthwith turns into an accomplished young lady, retaining all the fascinations of the humble fishwife, with the necessary mental qualifications for a future baronet's lady, and the hideous and terrible old Highlander becomes the jolly and generally irascible *Sir Hicory*.

The dialogue of this amusing little affair is turned as neatly and smoothly as the piece itself is compactly put together; and the situation between the pretended fishwife and the high-bred gentleman who is supposed to be making love to her is, in particular, admirably treated, the *naïf* graces of the girl being brought out with great tact, and freedom from exaggeration, and the whole dialogue rendered easy, natural, and piquant. *Miss Oliver*, by her good looks, her excellent Scotch accent, and unaffected archness of manner, no less than the graceful and telling style with which she acquires herself of two pretty ballads, one whereof, the well-known “*Caller Herrin*,” does complete justice to a part which any actress might regard as a piece of good fortune to have allotted to her. As the prejudiced, passionate, but good-humoured old baronet, and the furious, grimly terrible old Highlander, alternately spluttering Gaelic imprecations and venting his joy in a Scotch reel of massive design, *Mr. Selby* is equally happy, and contributes a rollicking element which effectively contrasts with the more delicate handling of the purely love interest, and gives a vigorous impulse to the successful impression of the whole. *Mr. Parselle* would be better for a little more warmth as the young gentleman; his assumption of youthful gaiety seems to leave his personal idiosyncrasy lagging and out of breath behind. The character of an impudent valet, with the affected airs of modern flunkey refinement, was handled with evident pains by *Mr. J. Clark*, and his tribulations on being forced to assume the Highland costume were depicted with occasional humour.

The scenic appointments deserve every praise, and denote a determination to do all in this direction that so confined a space will allow, and even to *tirer parti* of the very smallness of the frame to produce a more finished picture. Efforts so well-intentioned must in the end bring to *Miss Swanborough* that full meed of success which she already so thoroughly deserves.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—The annual engagement of *Mr. Sims Reeves* at the National Standard appears to be as successful as usual.

The theatre has been nightly crammed since Saturday; to witness the operatic play of *Guy Mannering*, which, so long as Mr. Reeves can be induced to play *Henry Bertram*, and interpolate "The Death of Nelson" (of which, we need scarcely add, the composer, Bishop, was wholly innocent), seems destined to retain its hold upon the popular sympathies. In Miss Fanny Terman, the accomplished English tenor finds an engaging, and by no means unglorified *Lucy Bertram*. Thus the performance is strong in its principal features, without being weaker in any of the subordinate points than would be the case were *Guy Mannering* produced at Drury Lane Theatre. Our readers may be curious to know the terms of Mr. Sims Reeves's engagement with the enterprising manager of the National Standard. Well, then—Mr. Douglas pays him 600*l.* for twelve nights, and 300*l.* additional for another week, on an understanding (which never fails) that the first fortnight shall turn out profitable! Let no "credat Judæus!" be levelled at the foregoing statement, which is true as gospel. Who will now complain that bishops are overpaid? To-night *Guy Mannering* is to be withdrawn, and the *Bohemian Girl* to reign in its stead.

Few of our musical readers, old enough to remember Mr. Bunn's last operatic campaign at Drury Lane Theatre, can have forgotten M^{me}. Anna Bishop (formerly Miss Rivière, wife of Sir Henry Bishop), who, after a long sojourn abroad, made her first appearance on the English stage, in 1846, as the heroine of Mr. Balfe's *Maid of Artois*. At the end of the season M^{me}. Bishop went to the United States; and in the course of twelve years has visited most parts of the world (Australia and California included), giving concerts and operatic performances more or less successfully, in conjunction with the well-known harp-player, Bochsá, and amassing, if we are well-informed, a considerable fortune. After the death of Bochsá, M^{me}. Bishop traded on her own account; and now, tired of roaming (and perhaps of singing), she has once more returned to her native country, whether with a view to permanent retirement from professional life, or to further prosecuting her career as an artist, we are unable to say.

Our American friends are beginning to get as "wide-awake" to the real significance of newspaper puffing as they have long been to other matters. The following from *Harper's Weekly Boston (or Boston Weekly)*, is a refreshing sign of the improving times:—

"Who wants to succumb to an advertisement—and above all, a theatrical advertisement? Let us remember Musard, and be wise. Musard perished (popularly) of aggravated puffing. Now, advertising is good—but only for good wares. People think, sometimes, that Barnum succeeded by advertising; but it was by advertising something worth the pains and the expense. Suppose Jenny Lind had been a poor singer, could any conceivable quantity of skillful puffery have helped the matter long? Think how we were peppered with Musard before he appeared! How we were shot at from windows—how all the papers flung him in our faces—how he squeezed under the front door—how he came hidden in envelopes—how he was placarded on dead walls and painted on opera programmes! Alas, and alas! he is placarded on a dead wall now, in good truth. Certainly, Musard's action should lie against Ullman, for Ullman's actions lied against Musard. He was literally blown up. He died of wind and printer's ink!"

Meanwhile Madame Gassier has made her debut at the New York Academy of Music, which is now under the sole direction of that arch-puffer M. Maretzek, formerly, as every one knows, connected with Her Majesty's Theatre. The pleasant correspondent of *Deigh's Boston Journal of Music*, who signs himself "Trovator," and thinks Signor Verdi a great musician, appears to imagine the lady has succeeded, in spite of "puff." Some of his remarks are worth citing:—

"It was only a few months ago I had the pleasure of witnessing the debut of M^{me}. Gassier at Rome, where she was welcomed with frenzied enthusiasm; and last evening I had the pleasure of witnessing the debut of the same lady in the metropolis of the New World, in the *Queen of the Waters Hemisphere*! (Vide Gagg's oration in the County House of Buncombe.)

"M^{me}. Gassier appeared smaller than she did when I first saw her, for two reasons—one that the Teatro Argentina, at Rome, is a very little pigeon hole of an opera-house, the stage of which would be quite filled up by one ordinary sized person—the other that she has grown slightly more Albion-like—indeed I heard a savage monster who sat next to me, say that she was *dumpy*!

She is not very pretty, nor graceful in figure, but has fine dark hair, and glorious Spanish eyes. Then she acts with intelligence, and at times sings with considerable feeling; yet, I believe her chief forte is in her vocal execution, and had we not so recently heard the inimitable La Grange, we would say that Gassier was unrivalled. Her voice is fresh and of extensive compass, and she occasionally uses a delicate staccato with excellent effect. The rôle of *Amina* in *Sonambula*, chosen for her debut before an American audience, is considered one of her very finest personations, and her rendition of it last evening was a very great success. The *romantic duet*, with the brilliant variations introduced by the prima donna in the repetition, was received with the very greatest enthusiasm, and the curtain rose again to allow an encore. On the whole M^{me}. Gassier has succeeded. Though by no means the greatest singer we have had here, as some puffsters assert, she is excellent in her way, and that way is a very good one.

"Talking about puffing, reminds me, that it is claimed for Madame Gassier, that she appears before the public, without any "preliminary puffing." This is to a great extent true, as far as regards the management, but there is a certain class of newspaper scrawlers who are giving her gratuitous puffing of the most disgusting style. For instance, they descant not upon the prima donna's voice, style, or execution, but upon her physical appearance. She is dashing, they say, has beautiful feet, and will set the hearts of all Young New York fluttering, and make all the fair ladies desperately jealous. There is a great deal of this disgusting trade in some of our city papers, and does it not strike you as being not merely disgusting, but absolutely immoral? Almost every young singer that appears before our public, is subjected to such equivocal compliments. For instance, when Vestrali appeared in male characters, some journalists praised her limbs more than her singing, and even already the penny-a-liners are heralding Piccolomini in a similar strain. Is not this whole style of criticism unfit for a respectable newspaper and community?

English amateurs will read with no little surprise that Madame Gassier's "voice is fresh and of extensive compass," the exact opposite being the truth. A worn voice cannot be "fresh," nor a register without any lower notes "extensive." The "inimitable La Grange," too, is a bit of a misnomer, for a lady who can only do one thing well, and who is doing that one thing eternally. In this respect, indeed, the old favourite and the new-comer,—the "inimitable" and the "dumpy" are much alike. Madame La Grange's *cheval de bataille* is a mazurka, Madame Gassier's a waltz. The other singers in the *Sonambula* were M. Gassier, who seems fairly established in New York, and the English tenor, Mr. Perring, who has metamorphosed himself into Signor Pierini. Little matters the change of name, however, for just as "a rose with any other name would smell as sweet," so a tenor with any other name would sing as well—or as ill, according to circumstances. Some chit-chat about M^{lle}. Piccolomini's expected arrival, gathered from another correspondence in the same paper, may serve as *coda* to our American notes:—

"The programme for the fall business in the way of opera and other amusements, is now pretty well developed. It is positively announced that Piccolomini is engaged by Napoleon Ullman at 4000 dollars per month, and all expenses paid. Her coming is the event that is most wished for and talked about by the Potiphar, M^{rs}. Fimsey, and Firkins of upper-tendom. 'Senora Pepita Gassier may do for the common people, but then, you know, she is entirely without style, and decidedly *passee*, so it is hardly worth the trouble going to the Academy until Piccolomini comes.' So discoursed the lovely Arabella Faustina Bullion, as she entertained me this morning with various items of fashionable news, and with her opinion of the performance of *Sonambula* at the Academy last night in particular."

Besides the above, two English opera troupes are about to invade the "empire city"—one headed by Miss Lucy Scott (at Burton's New Theatre), the other (at Wallack's) consisting of Miss Milner (soprano), Mr. Miranda, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover (tenor), Dr. Guilmette ("Dr." *sic*), and Mr. Rudolphson (baritone and bass). We wish our consensu joy of both of them.

The profits of the Leeds Festival and the People's Festival Concert, at the end of the week, are swelled by various contributions from the artists engaged in the performances, at the head of whom are found Miss Arabella Goddard, with 20 guineas; Professor Bennett, with 20*l.*; Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, with 10 guineas, &c. It is believed that at least 2000*l.* will be handed over to the General Infirmary—a magnificent contribution for a maiden festival.

A certain paragraph in the *Globe*, and a certain advertisement in the *Times*, have led to gloomy reports with regard to Her Majesty's Theatre.

Those, however, who would like to see this venerable place of entertainment closed, and those who, while friendly to it, are still apprehensive for the future, must not lose sight of the fact, that M^{lle}. Tietjens, Sig. Ginglini, M^{lle}. Piccolomini, and other popular artists connected with the establishment since its re-opening in 1856, are engaged to Mr. Lumley for a series of years, on such conditions that if he has no London theatre at disposal he can employ their services elsewhere, at his own discretion. At this moment Sig. Ginglini is about to depart for Madrid, and M^{lle}. Piccolomini for the United States, their engagements not being on their own account, but on that of Mr. Lumley. Experience has proved that it is not so easy to dispense with this in many respects justly celebrated *impresario*, who has evidently some lien on Her Majesty's Theatre, of which neither Lord Ward nor any one else has the power of dispossessing him. Moreover, the present "alarm" is not the first by many. Her Majesty's Theatre has been at the point of death (according to rumour) some dozen times at least, and Mr. Lumley cashiered. Yet, when the musical season was about to commence, a little yellow prospectus gaily informed the world of fashion not merely that "old Double" was alive and free, but that he had been busily employed during the interval in entrapping new singing-birds for its delight.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

No one has laboured with greater zeal and success than Mr. W. Chappell, to prove that England is as rich in national melody as any other country. Without pretence to fine writing, or even to symmetry of plan, his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*—now in course of republication, with such frequent and valuable additions and emendations as to place it on an entirely new footing—must always remain a standard work. Our business, at present, however, is not with the parent treatise, in which Mr. Chappell traces every melody to its source, but with its pendant serial, entitled "*Old English Ditties*,"* (Cramer, Beale, & Co.) This (of which Part VI. lies before us) comprises selections from the most attractive tunes, presented in the form of songs or ballads, with symphonies and accompaniments by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Where the old poetry is good enough, or decent enough—for outwardly, at any rate, we are more moral than our forefathers—it is preserved; where that is not the case, it is replaced by contributions from the pen of Mr. John Oxenford, to whom is further allotted the task of rewriting, compressing, or, as occasion demands, augmenting the originals, some of which, notwithstanding their faults of style and contempt of manners, contain thoughts too genial and beautiful to be allowed to perish. Each number includes twelve songs; and we cannot imagine a healthier antidote to the trashy drawing-room ballads with which the music-press of this metropolis has teemed for a quarter of a century, than these vigorous specimens of our earlier melody.

Mr. Macfarren, to whom is now wisely confided the undivided responsibility of the musical-editorship,† is accomplishing his task to perfection. Nothing can be more admirable than his accompaniments. That this gentleman is a master we need not insist; but that he should have entered into the spirit of the old English melodies so thoroughly was hardly to be expected. The Scottish tunes, although entrusted to Haydn, Kozeluch, Pleyel, and Beethoven, did not fare half so well. Those composers, two of whom rank among the greatest lights of the art, thought rather of wedding the primitive airs to smooth and beautiful harmony than of reflecting their peculiar and national character in the accompaniments; and thus, while their labours are to be respected for the complete-

* "Old English Ditties." Selected from Chappell's collection of "Popular Music of the Olden Time." Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments by G. A. Macfarren.

† Originally shared with two colleagues, in this respect of a very inferior stamp.

ness and refinement they exhibit, they are open in some measure to the charge we have already preferred against that eminent botcher, Sir John Stevenson, whose "arrangements" of the Irish melodies are just as far-fetched and clumsy as the lyrics of Thomas Moore are the opposite. For the English melodies Mr. Macfarren has not only found admirable harmonies, but harmonies so congenial that it seems as if the melodies had naturally sprung out of them.

The office of poet in this work of regeneration could not have been more fortunately vested than in Mr. Oxenford. In Part VI. of "*Old English Ditties*," there are half a dozen examples of his lyrical talent that we should like to quote; but as our space is unaccommodating, we must be satisfied with one or two at the best,—and begin with the following quaint and humorous serenade:—

"O list to me, my only love,
No star shines above,
With welcome ray my sight to cheer,
While I'm warbling here.
This dismal night, so damp and chill,
A love less warm than mine would kill;
Still I here will sigh,
Even though I die!

"You'll hear your doating troubadour;
Cold he'll catch I'm sure!
By yonder moon, my heart is thine.
Ah! no moon will shine,
The sky with clouds is overcast,
The rain begins to drizzle fast;
This night sad's my plight;
I'm a wretched wight!

"O hasten! faster falls the rain;
Do I sing in vain?
Thy heart is marble, I'm afraid,
Or thou'rt deaf, sweet maid.
Pray speak a word to ease my woe,
Or home to bed at once I'll go;
Night air I can't bear,
Fairest of the fair."

"The knight in dudgeon homeward went,
Dull, sad, discontent,
And woe'd a man must be a fool
Whom bright eyes could rule.
The proud one he had dared adore
Had left her bow'r a week before,
Fled, gone, not alone!
Now my song is done."

It should be observed that the curious irregularity of rhythm, for which the above poem is remarkable, was indispensable to fit the music. Composers ordinarily write music to words; but Mr. Oxenford writes words for tunes already made; and without the privilege enjoyed by Moore, of selecting such melodies as are easily allied to verse, is compelled to solicit the good offices of his muse for all sorts of rhythmical and metrical eccentricities. That his verse can flow in a gentle, homely, and unaffected manner, however, is clear from the subjoined exquisite stanzas:—

"My dearest, look on me again,
That look is so guileless and calm;
It hushes each awaking pain,
And comes to my soul as a balm—
Look on me, for when thou art near,
Methinks every trouble is past,
Except the dim lingering fear
That such a pure bliss cannot last.

"I've known what it is to be tost
On passion's tempestuous sea;
I've fancied that all has been lost,
That renders life precious to me.
Wild pleasure and frantic despair,
They both are but vanity now;
The prospect seems cheerful and fair,
And bright in its centre art thou.

"If I were to give thee a love,
That rages like flame in the heart,
I would scare thee my own timid dove,
All gentle and mild as thou art.
Then seek not to kindle the fire
That maddens while fiercely it glows;
My years of long struggle require
The love that lives best in repose."

And now, to have done with extracts, let us invite the reader's attention to the following vigorous hunting-song, by Henry Fielding, set to a capital tune, composed in the middle of the last century—just about the time when Handel wrote *The Messiah*:—

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntmen winds his horn.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

"The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay,
'My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go, &c."

"The uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake;
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting we will go, &c."

"At length his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight;
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night,
Then a drinking we will go, &c."

Enough has been advanced to show of what materials Mr. Chappell's publication is composed, and how attractive it is both in a poetical and musical sense. We sincerely hope it may be successful. The wider a taste is spread for such genuine things as these "*Old English Ditties*," the greater the chance of our being speedily rid of the epidemic of sentimental ballads, one of the most noxious that ever infected the atmosphere of music.

Walter Maynard's *Instructions on the Art of Singing*. (Cramer, Beale, & Co.) Here we have, for the 50th time at least, a *refacimento* from various sources, put together with sufficient care, and claiming to be an elementary treatise on a subject that none but a practised professor, and a good theorist in the bargain, is capable of handling with effect. One half of the singing-tutors, pianoforte-tutors, &c., are mere specimens of book-making. Every music shop advertises one or more, to which either an eminent name is attached, as in the case of many we could cite, or an unknown one, as in the instance before us. Whoever Mr. Walter Maynard may be, he was never heard of either as a singer or as a teacher of the vocal art. On what grounds, therefore, he rests the authority he expects to be attached to his book we are unable to guess. Those behind the curtain are well aware that the compilations bearing the names of "Rossini," "Lablache," "Balfé," "Rubini," and others, owe very little more to those distinguished individuals than what figures on the title-page. The general public, however, unconscious of this, swallow the bait, and eagerly explore the secrets by means of which celebrated men are supposed to have mastered their art, and which, being set down by themselves, may of course be relied on. It is unfortunately true, however, that those who practically excel are seldom or never constructors of systems, about which they know little and care less. Rossini could no more expound a theory, or write a treatise, than he could emulate Themistocles, who, though ungifted with the art of playing on the fiddle, was able to make of a small town a great city. Between composing the *Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* and compiling an instruction-book, there is about as wide a distance as between the feat of which Themistocles boasted and the performance of the simple fiddler. Thus Rossini has no more right to be twitted than the illustrious Athenian with the fact of not possessing the lesser accomplishment. Nor are we inclined to believe that the portly Lablache, or even our own vivacious Mr. Balfé, was ever bitten with the *coœthes* of writing anything in the didactic, elementary, or lexicographic way, their genius being purely and essentially practical. Nevertheless, with the too-often deluded public mere names suffice; and Lablache's "*Tutor for the Flauto-Piccolo*," or Balfé's "*Advice to the Cornet-a-pistonist*,"—though it is generally known that Lablache did not play on the small flute, nor Mr. Balfé on the cornet,—would be pretty sure of a sale. Now Mr. Walter Maynard does not enjoy the same advantage. If we are not misinformed, "Walter Maynard" is merely the pseudonyme of a partner in the well-known firm from which the present instruction book has issued; in which case it becomes our duty to question the expediency of such manufactures.

The book itself is not bad; but as it is by no means good enough to supersede existing works on the same subject, there was no evident reason for compiling, much less for publishing it. In

the preface, Mr. Maynard owns that his exercises are taken "chiefly from Balfé and Rossini" (put Rossini first), and his "solfeggi" from "those of the best masters." What, then, is his own share in the transaction? Not certainly "the Rudiments of Music," which may be had from a hundred previous sources, nor "the Rudiments of Singing," which are just as readily obtainable in just as many places. The only excuse for a new instruction-book, whether on vocal or instrumental art, is, that it shall contain something new; and as Mr. Walter Maynard has nothing new to tell us, his abilities and his time might, with more profit to himself and perhaps to the world, have been directed to some other subject.

Bachiana: Select Pieces from the Pianoforte Works of John Sebastian Bach, not included in the "Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues." (Duncan Davison & Co.)—The "*Clavier bien Tempéré*" comprises all the preludes and fugues of the elder Bach (his organ compositions excepted) with which the majority of amateurs and professors in this country are familiar. But it is notorious that he composed a vast number more, between the periods of his residence at Weimar and his appointment as Cantor at Leipzig. Some of these, too, are as ingenious and beautiful as any of the famous "48." Of these Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. are publishing a selection, which, to judge by the two numbers before us, promises to be highly attractive. The "*Fuga Scherzando*" (in A minor) is one of the most characteristic and charming of the master's lesser works. The fugue in B flat, on the letters composing his name—B A C H—which represent four musical notes ("H" in German standing for our own B natural), although it cannot precisely be traced to Bach, is nevertheless well worth preserving, and is both valuable and interesting as a test of comparison between good and bad counterpoint, when viewed in conjunction with the very inferior fugue on the same theme composed by John Christian Bach, the patriarch's youngest and least accomplished son. At the same time the former contains examples of common-place "sequence" that induce us to side with those who refuse to admit that it is genuine Bach.

Now, that Miss Arabella Goddard is making fugues popular, by playing them before large audiences, the publishers of "*Bachiana*" (who, we presume, are responsible for the invention of that derivative) have not done unwisely in commencing their serial with specimens already introduced in public by that young lady, whose dauntless faith in classic models is one of the secrets of her success.

MISCELLANEA.

The Dean of York, the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Duncombe, has engaged to restore the exterior of the Chapter House of York Cathedral at his own expense. The cost is estimated at 1000*l*.

The Stephenson Memorial School, to be erected on the site of the late George Stephenson's cottage, will comprise schools for boys, girls, and infants, together with a mechanic's institute and dwelling-house for the master and mistress of the schools. The cost of the building will be upwards of 2000*l*. The foundation-stone will be laid in the course of the ensuing month by Mrs. Addison Potter.

A report from French physicians resident in the East has been received in Paris. It says that the epidemic which began at Bengazi has not increased to an extent which should inspire alarm in Europe, and that the measures taken to combat it are, generally speaking, good.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 18th September, 1853, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3783; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 5479. On the three students' days (admission to the public, sixpence) 615; one students' evening, Wednesday, 127. Total, 10,004. From the opening of the museum, 602,151.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mlle. Piccolomini will take leave of the English public at a farewell concert at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, the 28th inst. She sails from Southampton for a lengthened tour in the United States on the following day.

The widow of the illustrious John Bell died at Naples last week. She had for many years resided in that capital, and her house was a kind of rallying-point for English visitors and residents. Though she had attained a very advanced age, she was possessed of much mental power and had pleasure in receiving her friends. With her it was a labour of love to collect and edit the observations of her husband on the *chefs d'œuvre* of Italian art. She died suddenly, and without the slightest apparent pain.

The *Gazette de Lyons* announces that snow has fallen on the Alps several times during the last week. The snow is two feet deep in the Valley of Urselen, under St. Gothard.

A bronze statue to the memory of Frederick VI., King of Denmark, has been erected at Copenhagen. The statue is by M. Bissen. It represents the king in uniform, and bareheaded.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Wife for a Month (*Literary Gazette*, p. 156).—This tragic-comedy is John Fletcher's (Beaumont and Fletcher), and was first published in 1647. It will be found in Moxon's 8vo. edition of their works. The passage on Art, with other good matter, occurs in Act I, Scene 2. Ought not these famous dramatists to be popularised by a cheap edition of their plays?—R. G. C.

The Theorbo.—A Correspondent asks you for information about this instrument. The word and the thing are both Italian; it was a kind of large lute, called sometimes the arch-lute, having two heads, and used for striking thorough-bass. It is now, I believe, obsolete. Drayton mentions it in his "Polyolbon."

"The cythron, the pandore and the theorbo strike." And Quarles, in his beautiful letter to Edward Benlowe, "You have put the theorbo into my hand," &c.—R. G. C.

French Dramatic Quotation.—A Liverpool correspondent says the quotation inquired after by B. S. (*Literary Gazette*, p. 381) is from Victor Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia," Act I, Part 2, Scene 1, and runs thus:—"Voyez-vous, Madame, un lac c'est le contraire d'une île; une tour c'est le contraire d'un puits; un aqueduc c'est le contraire d'un pont; et moi, j'ai l'honneur d'être le contraire d'un personnage vertueux."

The Museum Reading Room.—Sir,—No one can be more grateful than myself to Mr. Panizzi for all that he has done to accommodate the readers at the British Museum. Personally I have received many acts of literary courtesy from him, and if I now lay a grievance before the public instead of addressing him directly, it is because I am desirous that it should be really proved a grievance, and not the surly grumble of two or three old readers like myself. I do not know how many years it is since first I became a student at Montague House. Alas! young and old, we were a snug party then. But the House is gone, and most of the readers too! Generally our numbers augmented, and there was a cry for greater accommodation, which was granted as far as possible. But with more room came more readers, and a fresh call for more space, until at last the present magnificent hall in which I now write was thrown open to our use—a hall which it was imagined would prove ample enough for any probable amount of readers for years to come. There has been a miscalculation somewhere. Enter this spacious apartment between 12 and 4 almost any day from November to June, and you will have difficulty in finding a vacant seat. By whom are the seats occupied? There are many real students, old and young, but these are a minority. There are more loungers who go to write away the tedious mid-day hours (in winter especially) over novels, poetry, and other light reading. But most numerous of all are a number of unfledged lads from school or college in the neighbourhood, who rush hither immediately after class or lecture, to learn the lessons for the next day by means of the crib of all sorts with which the library abounds. Some of these "students" I have seen taking it easy with as many as three translations of a Greek play before them—the Latin, Potter and Edwardes. These laborious idlers not only monopolise dictionaries, lexicons, and other books of reference in constant demand—not only occupy room which for their own good had better be vacant, but keep up such an undercurrent of talk about school, and lecture, and texts, and various readings (!), that there is no studying near them. Now I am very well aware that it is difficult to exclude any persons producing the necessary recommendation; but I humbly suggest that the Library of the British Museum was never intended for boys "in statu pupillari." For them school and college libraries are provided, and to such should they be confined. Some of these young "learners" are under age—they have told me so. These could be excluded, and I am very sure that as soon as Mr. Panizzi becomes aware of the evil, he will end a

remedy. He would very justly refuse to modify his practice on the representation of a single individual. I seize the present moment of drawing attention to this grievance, for we are near the end of the Long Vacation, and early in October we may expect a new and more violent eruption of the Goth-lings.—ALPHABETA.

Piping Hot.—"Have philologists any wider derivation of the expression 'Piping hot,' than the one which struck me for the first time while shaving not long ago? The water in my jug was just in the condition that one calls piping hot, and the clear bright notes—two seconds—that proceeded from the musical vessel, were so emphatically those of a pipe, that I concluded I was in possession of the origin of the expression. But what is the cause of the sound?—W. B."

Mrs. Hemans's Poems set to Music.—"What was the name of the sister of Mrs. Hemans who set some of that lady's songs (The Better Land, for instance) to music? I saw in a Dublin paper the other day a notice that a monument to Mrs. Colonel Browne, deceased, wife of Col. Browne of Trinity College celebrity, had just been erected in St. Asaph's cathedral—and describing her as sister to Mrs. Hemans. Was this the composer?—W. B."

The Contribution of "F. Y." who writes from Trinidad Place, Liverpool Road, Islington, has been received, but we have not space for its insertion. We agree, however, with most of his opinions on the Literature of the Day. The Manuscript is left with the Publisher.

R. G. C.—We have received no sonnets. Shall we add that they must be exceptional ones if the receipt is to be agreeable?

E. L.—Declined with thanks.

F. V.—Under consideration.

E. P.—The same reply.

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